The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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THIS MONTH WILL BE PUBLISHED

THE FIRST PART

OF

'The Bookman' Illustrated History of English Literature

BY

THOMAS SECCOMBE, M.A., and

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, LL.D.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

See page 8.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

We venture to call the attention of our readers to the interesting announcement made on p. 8 of the present number of The Bookman.

The book season has opened auspiciously. Orders are said to be good all round. Foreign and colonial orders increase every year. So far, there is no sign of any book having a miraculous circulation. It is still a doubtful point whether this is good or not good for other books, but the chances are that it is.

We have had to regret this month the death of Dr. George Macdonald, whose career will be dealt with at length in the November Bookman. His period of production, however, was long past, and his work had been fully done. He had a great hold of people now well advanced in middle age, who received him as a prophet and revealer in their youth. They followed his later books with diminishing interest, and indeed there is no question as to the deterioration. But of "David Elginbrod," "Alec Forbes," and "Robert Falconer," there can be no doubt.

Perhaps the best selling of all his books at the time was his "Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood"—his first serious effort in English fiction, as distinguished from Scottish fiction. It appeared originally in the *Sunday Magazine*, and was read with immense eagerness. Dr. Macdonald never quite repeated its success. To the younger generation even in these days he is known as the author of many charming stories. "At the Back of the North Wind" has kept its ground best. Perhaps he never had full justice for his early book, "The Portent," which is a fine expression of Highland mysticism.

Peter Rosegger.
The distinguished German novelist, author of "I.N.R.I."

Dr. Macdonald was personally known to his readers in an unusual degree, and regarded by many of them as a teacher and friend. He went over the whole country preaching and lecturing, and even made the inevitable visit to America, where he was well received. In the course of these journeys he adapted himself with great skill and good humour to the people he met with. His many hosts found him the most winsome and communicative of guests. Though he knew what struggle was, he was never really poor, and spent by far the greater part of his life under the most pleasant conditions. He was a hard and conscientious worker, but as the years went on he regretted the necessity of writing. He was quite conscious himself that his best work could not be accomplished under pressure, and a certain weariness stole over him at times, to which he has given highly poetical expression. On the whole, however, his was a happy life, full of enjoyment, and always surrounded by affectionate care.

Dr. Macdonald has been described as the true precursor of the Kailyard School. There is no Kailyard School. It so happened that two or three Scottish writers dealing with Scottish subjects became very popular about the same period, but beyond their subject they had little or nothing in common. As for Mr. Barrie, when he published his early books he had never read George Macdonald, and later on when induced to try a novel he was unable to finish it. Macdonald never had such large sales as some men of the present generation, but the conditions were different. His best novels were all originally published in three volumes. They had an excellent circulation in this form, and they still go on selling. We believe, however, he had parted with the copyrights.

The death of Mr. L. F. Austin removes one of the earliest and brightest contributors to THE BOOKMAN. Mr. Austin had to fight his own battle from the beginning, and took to journalism very soon. He was not long in obtaining a considerable success, but this success was not of the kind for which he became known in after years. He was in his youth an ardent politician on the Radical side, and was an effective and impassioned writer. When the Liberal party broke up Mr. Austin went wholly with the Home Rulers, and in leading articles and in London letters fought for Mr. Gladstone. He continued this political work more or less to the last, and was skilful in the business. But the interests that came to dominate him were literature and the drama, and he confessed that he was tired of politics.

In literature his taste was sound, though he did not pretend to erudition or even to very wide reading. When Mr. Hardy published his "Tess," Austin took an eager part in praising and defending the book. He had much art in making the most out of everything he read, and there never was a man who set himself more constantly and resolutely to his daily and nightly task, whatever the circumstances might be. Sometimes the circumstances were such that it seemed incredible that he could do his work, but he went on to the last. He was induced by his friends to publish a little collection of his essays, entitled "At Random." They were well received, but Austin was disappointed. He expected greater things, and he could not be induced to repeat the experiment. Some of his best work was done in the early days of the *Speaker*, the editor of which, Sir Wemyss Reid, had a warm appreciation of his powers.

A brief tribute should also be paid to another of our contributors who has passed away—Mr. Walter Lewin. Mr. Lewin, who was an active journalist in Birkenhead, had for his chosen subject American literature. In this he was both widely and deeply read, and he contributed many articles on the subject to the *Academy*, under Mr. J. S. Cotton, the *Spectator*, and THE BOOKMAN. He never attained a prominent position, but his work was invariably good and careful. One of the last books he reviewed for THE BOOKMAN was the Autobiography of Moncure Conway.

We understand that Mr. G. K. Chesterton has in hand a short monograph on George Meredith for the series of "Contemporary Men of Letters," published in this country by Mr. Heinemann. There is also a probability that Mr. Chesterton will later publish a more elaborate study of the same author.

"Mr. Lion of London, and Some Affairs of the Heart" is the title of Mr. J. J. Bell's new novel which will appear this month. The remarkable success of "Wee Macgreegor" led many critics to infer that its

author could write dialect only; indeed, we believe that Mr. Bell has had to protest that in private life he speaks the King's English. In "Mr. Lion of London" he may be expected to refute both of these inferences without sacrificing his reputation as a humorist.

Professor Osler has the courage of his convictions. His much talked of valedictory address will appear shortly as the first chapter of a volume of essays bearing the title, "The Fixed Period."

A very interesting volume of reminiscences is promised immediately from Mr. Alexander Innes Shand. Mr. Shand's recollections extend back over half a century and are of infinite variety—literary, sporting, military. For many years Mr. Shand was a valued contributor to the *Times*, and his signature is familiar to the older readers of *Blackwood*. Messrs. Constable will issue the volume during the month.

In "The Burford Papers," which the Rev. W. H. Hutton has edited for Messrs. Constable, lovers of Madame D'Arblay's diary may expect a treat, for most of the volume consists of letters between Samuel Crisp and his sister, with constant reference to the literary topics of the period. "Daddy Crisp," it will be remembered, was the sagacious friend and literary adviser of Fanny Burney.

Mr. J. A. Steuart, author of "A Minister of State," etc., has written a novel of great dramatic intensity and force, bearing on the romantic story of the Marquis of Montrose. It will be published this month with the title "The Red Reaper."

West-country Scots and many Scots abroad will eagerly look forward to the appearance of Mr. A. S. Boyd's "Glasgow Men and Women, and Some Strangers Within their Gates." It will describe the Glasgow not of the present day but of the early eighties, when many ancient landmarks that have now disappeared were still extant. The book will be splendidly illustrated with more than a hundred full-page drawings.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton announce for early publication a biographical work of great interest. It is entitled "The Prophet of the Poor: The Life Story of General Booth." The author, Mr. T. F. G. Coates, has received the authority and sanction of the General himself and the assistance of his chief officers.

Mr. Edmund Gosse's volume on Sir Thomas Browne will appear this month in the English Men of Letters Series.

"Admissions and Asides" is the name of a little volume of essays by Mr. A. St. John Adcock, which will appear immediately in Mr. Elkin Mathews' Satchel Series.

To "The Story of Exploration Series" Dr. H. R. Mill, D.Sc., LL.D., will shortly contribute a volume entitled "The Siege of the South Pole." It will be published by Mr. Alston Rivers, who has acquired the rights of the series, and who will during the month reissue the four volumes already published.

A new novel by Mrs. H. H. Penrose, author of that striking story, "The Unequal Yoke," will be published this month under the title "As Dust in the Balance." The novel is concerned with the pathos and humour of an ill-assorted Anglo-Irish marriage.

"Captains All," by which alluring title Mr. Jacobs has named his new book of humorous stories, will be issued in the middle of the month by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. It will be illustrated by the congenial pencil of Mr. Will Owen.

We congratulate Mr. G. Gregory Smith of the University of Edinburgh on his election to the Chair of English Literature at Belfast. Not only in this country, but in America and the Continent, Mr. Gregory Smith's work in the comparative study of literature is recognised as of very high value. The edition of Pepys, which we notice elsewhere, is only the latest of a long list of editorial work, all distinguished by learning and minutest accuracy. In Edinburgh it will not soon be forgotten how much of the revived interest in our older Scottish literature has been due to his enthusiasm and zeal as the general editor of the Scottish Text Society.

We understand that Mr. F. S. Boas, formerly Pro-

Photo Moffat, Edinburgh. **Prof. G. Gregory Smith.**
Editor of the "Globe" Pepys; newly elected to the Chair of English in Queen's College, Belfast.

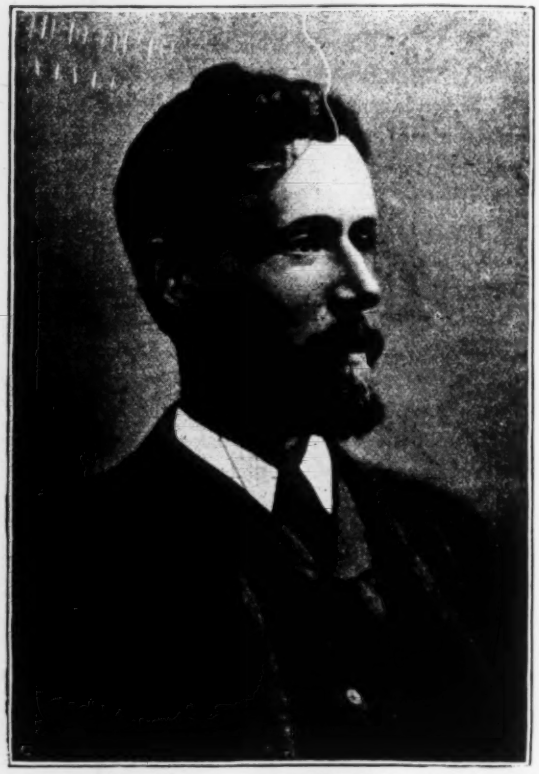


Photo Panell, Brighton. **The late Professor D. G. Ritchie.**

fessor of English at Belfast, has taken up an important educational appointment under the London County Council.

The Shakespeare Head Press makes a very interesting announcement regarding the splendid ten-volume Stratford Shakespeare. Some regret has been expressed that an edition so sumptuous should have discarded entirely all the usual *apparatus criticus*. This objection will no longer hold good with the appearance of the final volume now in the press. This will contain a number of essays by critical experts, including Mr. Robert Bridges, Mr. E. K. Chambers, Dr. Garnett, Mr. Charles Crawford, and M. Jusserand. Notes on the sources of each play will be contributed by Professor Alois Brandl, while the general editor, Mr. A. H. Bullen, will be responsible for the discussion of textual emendation and variants. Mr. Bullen is to be congratulated on the steps he has taken to give completeness to his very desirable edition.

Many attempts have been made, more or less successful, to identify the characters in "Adam Bede" with certain of the author's relatives. A new and full examination of the subject will shortly appear by Mr. William Mottram, a cousin of George Eliot.

Those who know "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and those who have the luck yet to make her acquaintance will equally find pleasure in that charming little sketch, quaintly called "A Denominational Garden." Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton are about to issue it in separate form, as a gift-book, with coloured illustrations.

A book rich in biographical interest is promised in "The Story of a Devonshire House," by Lord Coleridge, K.C. The volume begins with John Coleridge, the father of the poet, who became vicar of Ottery in 1760, and comes down to the time of the late Lord Chief Justice. Naturally there will not be much space allotted to the familiar biography of the poet, but the volume will contain some interesting correspondence from him and Southey and Wordsworth. The work will be issued by Mr. Fisher Unwin.

A new story by Mr. Vincent Brown, author of "A Magdalen's Husband," will be published immediately by Messrs. Duckworth. It will be called "The Sacred Cup."

Much regret will be felt at the announcement that with the October number the publication of *Longmen's Magazine* is to be discontinued. It has now been with us for nearly a quarter of a century, and during all that time it has maintained the high literary standard still happily to be found in some of our older periodicals. The wonderful improvement in modern methods of illustration will be dearly purchased if it entails the disappearance of magazines which depend solely on the excellence of their letterpress. *Detestabile omen avertat Juppiter.*

Doubtless no feature of *Longman's Magazine* will be more greatly missed than Mr. Andrew Lang's sportive sallies "At the Sign of the Ship." So closely did these become associated with the magazine that Mr. Lang has time and again had to deny its editorship. Following the example of the venerable "Maga," *Longman's Magazine* has never had any other editors than its publishers.

A new illustrated edition of George Macdonald's "Phantastes" will be issued this month by Mr. A. C. Fifield.

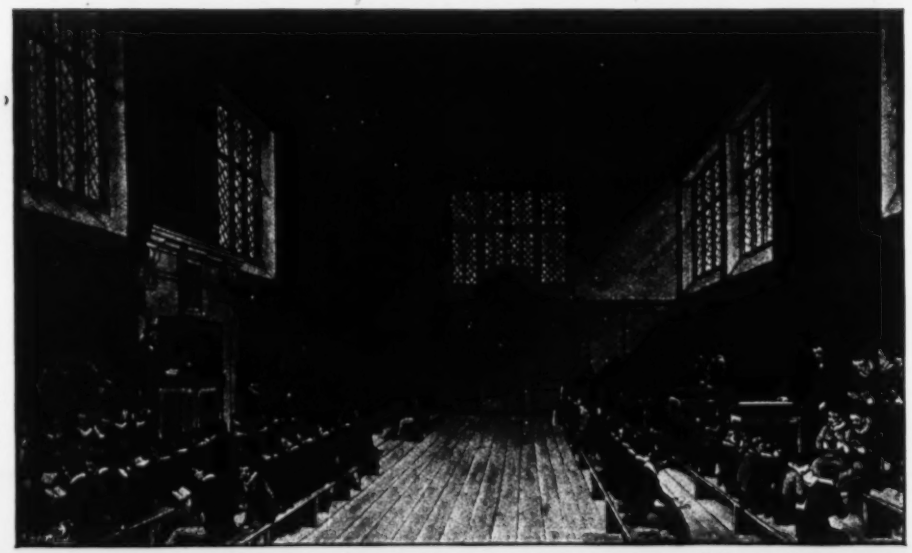
For the illustration of this Special Byron Number of THE BOOKMAN, we have pleasure in acknowledging our indebtedness to Mr. John Murray, who has generously allowed us to reproduce many pictures from his classical edition of the poet.

We are indebted for the illustration to "Lara" to the Art Union of London; for his painting of "Mazeppa" to Mr. R. Wheelwright. Mr. A. C. Benson has kindly allowed us to reproduce the interesting portrait in his possession.

The views of Harrow, Newstead, and other scenes connected with the life of Byron we owe to Mr. Augustin Rischgitz.

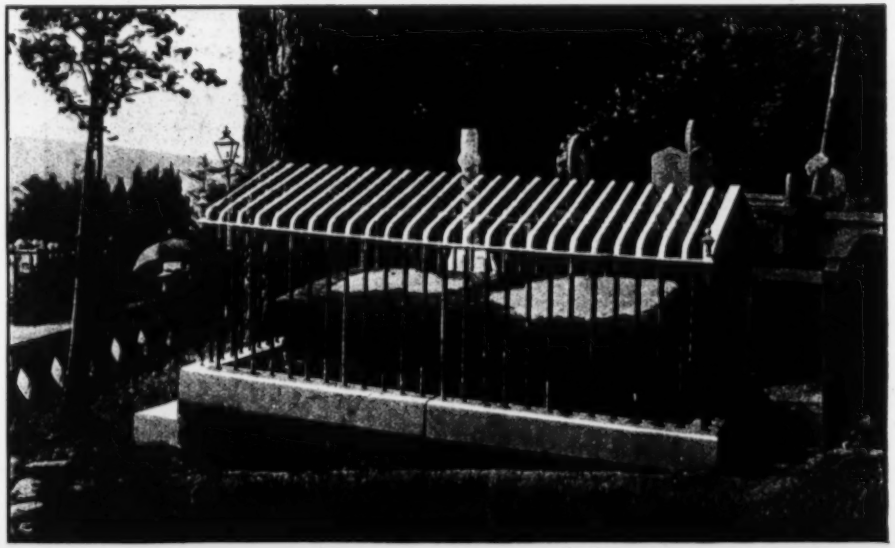
View from Byron's favourite spot.

Harrow School in Byron's day.



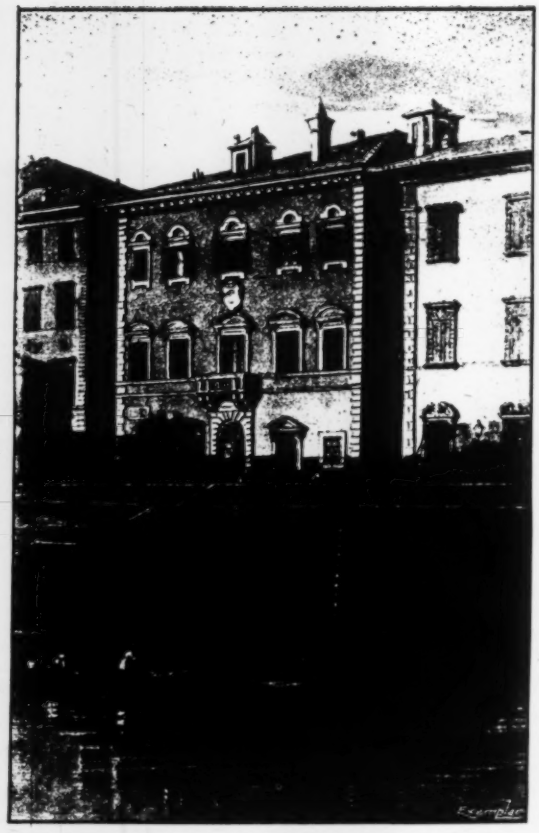
The Schoolroom.

"Again I revisit the hills where we sported,
The streams where we swam, and the fields where we fought;



Byron's favourite spot at Harrow.

The School where, loud warned by the bell, we resorted,
To pore o'er the precepts by Pedagogues taught."
—On a distant view of the village and school of Harrow-on-the-Hill, 1806.



Villa Lanfranchi, Pisa.

Palazzo Guiccioli, Ravenna.

(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. John Murray.)

Palazzo Mocenigo, Byron's Residence at Venice.

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

August 21st to September 20th.

To the uninitiated it must at times be somewhat a matter of surprise that the publishing trade leaps almost at a bound from apparent lethargy to intense activity. Throughout the earlier portion of the month a continuation of the existing depression held sway, the output was almost at a standstill, and sales were little better; but as we close this report a perceptible quickening is apparent in the demand, whilst as for the output the various publishing houses are already pouring forth their autumn attractions, and new productions are now being received by the wholesale distributing centres at the average rate of from forty to fifty daily.

Amongst the changes which the autumn publishing season has undergone during recent years, perhaps none is more noticeable than the early date at which the productions of many of the most prominent authors are placed before the public. There is, of course, a material advantage in such a procedure, as an early grip upon the public taste frequently ensures the full run of the season's demand. Prominent among recent issues in six shilling novels have been "Starvecrow Farm," "A Servant of the Public," "Twisted Eglantine," "Lady Jim of Curzon Street," "By the Gods Beloved," "The Household of Peter," and "A Yarn of Old Harbour Town."

At three shillings and sixpence an item in the realistic school of fiction, entitled "A London Girl," has formed a leading line.

From a sensational point of view, the appearance of the first instalment of the Harmsworth Library takes precedence. The public having been judiciously apprised of its appearance through the columns of a daily contemporary, the result has been satisfactory. The items consist thus far of literary masterpieces, which have already appealed to the public at all prices and under many guises, but in present issue both print, paper, and binding merit their success. Much of the business of the month has been in these cheap libraries, and the sales of Nelson's Sixpenny Classics, Cameo Classics, and the further issues of the Favourite Classics claim mention.

The most successful of the daintily prepared pocket volumes for juveniles has been the "Told to the Children Series," which, both in their cloth and boarded editions, have taken on to a considerable extent.

In Biography a number of prominent items can be recorded, such as "The Life of Charles Lamb," by E. V. Lucas; "Dickens as Revealed in his Writings," by P. Fitzgerald; "Andrew Marvell" (E.M.L.); "Dante the Wayfarer," by C. Hare; and "The Life of Mel. B. Spurr."

"An Eye-witness in Manchuria" continues to be steadily in demand, and the more recent volume, "With Togo," by H. C. Seppings Wright, has been very favourably received.

Mention must again be made of the continued success of "When it was Dark."

Annual volumes are now much in evidence, and many of the children's coloured picture-books are being readily stocked by the trade.

Consequent upon the reopening of the schools, the usual demand for scholastic literature has been experienced, and history, geography, and grammar books have been much in evidence throughout the latter portion of the month.

"How to Build a Country Cottage," "The Bodie Book," "The Year of Trafalgar," "The Unrealized Logic of Religion," "Wasps, Social and Solitary," and "Law and Opinion in England," are amongst the miscellaneous items which have sold freely.

Sixpenny reprints have been phenomenally successful during the past holiday season, but there is now a steady decline in the amount of orders received.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand throughout the month:—

Six Shilling Novels.

A Servant of the Public. By Anthony Hope. (Methuen.)
Starvecrow Farm. By Stanley J. Weyman. (Hutchinson.)
The Image in the Sands. By E. F. Benson. (Heinemann.)
Hearts of Wales. By Allen Raine. (Hutchinson.)
Household of Peter. By R. N. Carey. (Macmillan.)
Red o' the Feud. By H. Sutcliffe. (T. W. Laurie.)
Twisted Eglantine. By H. B. M. Watson. (Methuen.)
Lady Jim of Curzon Street. By Fergus Hume. (T. W. Laurie.)
By the Gods Beloved. By Baroness Orczy. (Greening.)

Photo Elliott & Fry. **Mrs. Dudeney.**
Author of "A Country Bunch," etc.

A Yarn of Old Harbour Town. By W. C. Russell. (Unwin.)
The Passport. By R. Bagot. (Methuen.)
Hugh Rendal. By L. Portman. (Alston Rivers.)
The Game. By Jack London. (Heinemann.)

A London Girl. 3s. 6d. (Alston Rivers.)
Life of Charles Lamb. By E. V. Lucas. Two vols. 21s. net. (Methuen.)
Dickens as Revealed in his Writings. By P. Fitzgerald. Two vols. 21s. net. (Chatto.)
Life of Mel. B. Spurr. By H. A. Spurr. 2s. 6d. net. (A. Brown.)
Andrew Marvell. By A. Birrell. 2s. net. (Macmillan.)

Baroness Orczy.
Author of "By the Gods Beloved" and "The Scarlet Pimpernel."

An Eye-witness in Manchuria. By Lord Brooke. 7s. 6d. (Nash.)
With Togo. By H. C. S. Wright. 10s. 6d. net. (Hurst and Blackett.)
When it was Dark. By Guy Thorne. 1s. (Greening.)
Harmsworth Library. First 10 volumes. Each 1s. net. (Amalgamated Press.)
Nelson's Sixpenny Classics, Cameo Classics, and Favourite Classics. Each 6d. net.
Told to the Children Series. Each 1s. and 1s. 6d. net. (Jack.)
Nister's Coloured Books for Children. 1s. to 5s.
Bushido. By I. Nitobe. 5s. net. (Putnam.)
The Bodie Book. 2s. 6d. (Caxton Press.)
Law and Opinion in England. By A. V. Dicey. 10s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)
Wasps, Social and Solitary. By G. W. and E. G. Peckham. 6s. net. (Constable.)
The Unrealized Logic of Religion. By W. H. Fitchett. 3s. 6d. (C. H. Kelly.)
The Year of Trafalgar. By H. Newbolt. 5s. net. (J. Murray.)
How to Build a Country Cottage. By "Home Counties." 6s. net. (Heinemann.)
Pepys' Diary. Globe Edition. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
Sixpenny Reprints.

WEEKLY REPORTS OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
August 26—Quiet in all departments.
September 2—Export brisk, still quiet in home trade.
" 9—Very slack week.
" 16—Increased demand for home orders.

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(2) SCOTLAND.

AUGUST 19TH TO SEPTEMBER 20TH.

Following upon an unusually brisk trade in school-books came numerous announcements from all the leading publishing houses of forthcoming works of outstanding merit. The leading novelists, with but few exceptions, were represented in these lists, and religious works, which always form such a large part of the Christmas trade, were specially conspicuous. The popularity obtained for Nelson's Sixpenny Classics was followed by the publication of ten volumes of "The Harmsworth Library" at one shilling each, which readily secured purchasers, chiefly through powerful advertising.

The pretty little handbooks issued by Messrs. Gowans and Gray, of Glasgow, deservedly attracted attention, and those illustrating "Wild Flowers," "Birds," and the various works of famous artists, gained a ready sale.

As the season advanced the orders for sixpenny reprints of popular novels declined, but for the volumes by Seton Merriman and Allen Raine there was a constant sale, as was also the case with "The Death Whistle," by R. Marsh; "The House Under the Sea," by Max Pemberton; "God's Prisoner," by John Oxenham; and "John Chilcote," by Mrs. Thurston.

Of six shilling novels those appearing most frequently in orders placed were: "A Servant of the Public," by Anthony Hope; "Starvecrow Farm," by Stanley Weyman; "The Patient Man," by Percy White; "Red o' the Feud," by Halliwell Sutcliffe; "The Passport," by Richard Bagot; and "Vivien," by W. B. Maxwell.

A steady sale continued for Vardon's "Complete Golfer," the great match between Scottish and English players placing its author as the leading exponent of the game.

In connection with the Volunteer review in Edinburgh, all the illustrated weeklies, and even many of the dailies, showed commendable enterprise in depicting the occasion, but the most popular of all was that issued by Messrs. Nelson as a special number in connection with the *Scottish Review*, and which sold in thousands.

Of considerable interest to all Scotsmen was the early publication of Mr. Morley's "Life of Gladstone" in monthly parts, at a price within the reach of all; and amongst the magazines much attention was directed to the new issue of *The Woman at Home*, with all its numerous attractions and at its reduced price.

The following is our usual list of best selling books:—

Miscellaneous.

The Complete Golfer. By H. Vardon. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)
The Simple Life. By C. Wagner. 1s. net. (Isbister.)
Downfall of Russia. By Hugo Ganz. 1s. (Hodder.)
Told to the Children Series. 1s. 6d. net. (Jack.)
A World Without a Child. By C. Kernahan. 1s (Hodder.)
Nelson's Sixpenny Classics.
The Harmsworth Library. First 10 vols. 1s. net.
The Royal Review. 6d. net. (Nelson.)
Gowans and Gray's Sixpenny Nature Books, etc.

Six Shilling Novels.

A Servant of the Public. By Anthony Hope. (Methuen.)
The Passport. By Richard Bagot. (Methuen.)
The Patient Man. By Percy White. (Methuen.)
Vivien. By W. B. Maxwell. (Methuen.)
Starvecrow Farm. By Stanley Weyman. (Hutchinson.)
Red o' the Feud. By H. Sutcliffe. (Laurie.)
Lady Jim of Curzon Street. By Fergus Hume. (Laurie.)
House by the River. By Florence Warden. (Unwin.)
So Like a Woman. By G. M. Fenn. (Chatto.)
Tommy Carteret. By M. J. Forman. (Ward and Lock.)
Mrs. Alemere's Elopement. By C. Marriott. (Nash.)
Confessions of a Ladies' Man. By W. Le Queux. (Hutchinson.)

The Booksellers' Diary.

OCTOBER 5—NOVEMBER 4.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

October 3rd.

MAXSTED, HUGH ROCHFORT.—Through Brittany in a Motor Car, 1s. net .....(Treherne)

October 4th.

CALTHROP, DION CLAYTON.—The Guide to Fairyland, 7s. 6d. net ..... (Rivers)

October 5th.

OUSELEY, MULOY.—Kitty and the Viscount, 6s. (Gay and Bird)
HEARN, LAFCADIO.—Kokoro. Cheap Edition. 3s. 6d. net (Gay and Bird)
Anonymous.—Made in Heaven, 3s. 6d. ..... (Gay and Bird)
SCUDDER, H.—A Book of Legends, 1s. ..... (Gay and Bird)
BEGLEY, REV. WALTER.—Francis Bacon: Nova Resuscitatio ..... (Gay and Bird)

October 6th.

WILLIAMS, ARCHIBALD.—The Romance of Mining, 5s. (C. Arthur Pearson)
GIBERNE, AGNES.—The Romance of the Mighty Deep, 5s. (C. Arthur Pearson)
COWAN, ANDREW R.—The Rapid Review of the Life of Nelson, 6d. net, 1s. net ..... (C. Arthur Pearson)
HORNUNG, E. W.—A Thief in the Night, 6s. ..... (Chatto)
BARR, ROBERT.—The Speculations of John Steele. 6s. (Chatto)

October 9th.

HUNT, MRS. HENRY.—In Bohemia, 3s. 6d. net (Gay and Bird)
HUNT, MRS. HENRY.—The Guarding of a Goddess, 3s. net (Gay and Bird)
WILLIAMSON, G. C.—Richard Cosway, R.A., 10s. 6d. net (G. Bell and Sons)
DUCLAUX, MADAME (A. MARY F. ROBINSON).—The Fields of France. Edition de Luxe. Coloured Illustrations. 21s. net ..... (Chapman and Hall)
LEY, J. W. T.—Boz Birthday Book, 3s. 6d. net (Chapman and Hall)
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"Cold as the marble where his length was laid,
Pale as the beam that o'er his features played,
Was Lara stretched."—"Lara."

Lara.

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THE READER.

BYRON.

By J. Wight Duff.

I HAVE often thought of the English and the Scottish families whose blood met in George Gordon Byron as promising material for a Zolaesque study after the model of the Rougon-Macquart series. When in 1785 the profligate Captain Byron of the Guards, in full pursuit of some heiress who should pay his evilly-incurred debts, captured and married Catherine Gordon of Gight in Aberdeenshire, it might have been safely prophesied that the union would bring no halcyon days for either contracting party, but a strange endowment of mental and moral qualities for any child of the marriage. Picture the two lines of descent. On one side, the Norman stock of the Buruns, with Berserker fury drawn from Scandinavian veins, and reappearing with persistent atavism in English members of the house who were Cavaliers, or fought duels, or braved the foulest weather at sea, or eloped with women—a dare-devil set, frequently impetuous in passion, frequently sunk in a revulsion of gloom; on the other side, the Scottish blood of the royal Stuarts and of the Earls of Huntly, with its accompanying legacy of turbulence, pride, and even romance—for was not James I., the poet-king of Scotland, a forebear? Indeed, in these days of evolutionary science and evolutionary autobiographies, there might be considerable temptation to turn Byron's lineage into a sub-chapter in "eugenics."

Lord Byron at the age of seven.
From a Miniature in the Vaughan Library at Harrow.
Rischgitz Collection.

But no painstaking dissection of ancestral temperaments is needed to prove the part which heredity played in his character. Nor is any biographer likely to forget how environment affected and developed him. Byron's life is pre-eminently one like Goethe's, where childhood and boyhood count for much. To follow his schooling and holidays at Aberdeen up to his eleventh year, when he inherited Newstead and the title from "the wicked lord," his granduncle, is to look on a miniature of his later career. Already one notes, as in after days, violent temper, fiery impatience of restraint, hot pride, openhearted responsiveness to kind treatment, and the waywardness which meant that Byron rather educated himself than was educated. One notes also the passion for the romantic which drew him to Nature's bolder aspects to be seen in the stormy North Sea and the rugged Grampians, or to books about those lands which we now sum together as the Nearer East, but which then possessed for minds older than Byron's one knows not how much of distant glamour blended with dreams of Grecian isles held "in fealty to Apollo," and of the "golden prime of good Haroun Alraschid." This is no fanciful picture of his youthful mind. There is ample evidence that he must have often been reading books about Turkey when, by the laws of routine, he ought to have been preparing lessons for the Grammar School; and that many a summer day of seeming idleness among the mountains near Lochnagar was passed in feeding his romantic nature with reveries concerning Highland caterans and the ancestral clan whose pibroch and claymore were noted in the spulzie. His imagination was already creating embryo forms of his "Giaour," "Corsair," and "Lara."

Mrs. Byron, the Poet's Mother.
From the only known contemporary Miniature, in the Vaughan Library at Harrow.
Rischgitz Collection.

Such home influences as acted upon him tended largely to warp his nature. The words he wrote of his daughter may be equally applied to him: he was "born in bitterness and nurtured in convulsion." If his father swooped down on Aberdeen, it was to plunder still further the wife whose money had been thrown to his creditors. Only one matter-of-fact allusion by that father to his child has survived: "for his walking 'tis impossible, as he is club-footed." The words occur in a letter of 1791. The boy was just over three then. But the deformed foot remained an impediment, not merely to easy walking, but to an easy mind. The slightest notice bestowed upon it, real or fancied, was angrily resented. The thought of it was a torture which often soured him into sullenness, yet sometimes piqued his indomitable energy to excel in forms of exercise independent of lameness, such as swimming and riding. Without experience of a father's care, young Byron was reared amid alternating endearments and scoldings from a mother so capricious that she could even taunt him with his deformity. "You lame brat," she screamed at him once. Drawing himself up, white with rage, the child flung back the retort which he afterwards employed effectively in "The Deformed Transformed," "I was born so, mother." Everyone is doubly familiar with such scenes from the use Disraeli made of them in "Venetia."

In education, genius prefers abnormal paths. So Byron trained himself while he seemed to miss his chances. It was not his attendance in class at Aberdeen, Dulwich, Harrow, Cambridge which counted; but his apparent laziness and truancy. So the books which he was told to read mattered less than those he chose to read. Everyone

Lord Byron, 1815.
After a Miniature by James Holmes.
Rischgitz Collection.

knows how the love of the Scottish mountains and sea stayed with him to the end;- how his friendships and quarrels at school and university moulded him; how his absence from Cambridge among the gaieties of London taught him more of life than his residence at Trinity College, with its record of carousals varied by lectures skipped, tutors annoyed, practice under prize-fighters, and the keeping of a bear, as he alleged, to qualify for a fellowship. It is not implied that Latin and Greek were without influence upon him, but that his mind was signally independent in selection and rejection, and revolted against working in a groove. So if he hated a task in Horace, he might like a Greek play. To take one instance he mentions: "Of the 'Prometheus' of Æschylus I was passionately fond as a boy." Its stimulus lasted till he came to write "Manfred."

Byron's life cannot be called hard to epitomise. The tale of thirty-six years from 1788 to 1824, if confined to the chief events, may be told with appropriate shortness. But the brief record of a great life, with its unavoidable array of facts and dates, always seems to me comparatively unimpressive. The reader either knows most of the facts from previous attraction to the subject and fuller reading, or he wearies of the compact chronicle, and straightway forgets its details. As with so many careers, that of Byron may be most delightfully and profitably followed in his letters, in which may be included his dedications and prefaces. It is not so easy to summarise these. The royal and only road is to go to them for oneself. There, while one reads, the whole life stands out unforgettable—enthralling because all compact of impulses so various. Let no one hope with a short string of adjectives to dismiss a character so complex and mutable. Was it not typical to write, "I am confident that twelve months of any given individual is perfect ipecacuanha"? Byron was changeable in most things except in an undying passion for freedom and an undying detestation of cant.

Now, the letters strike me as possessing two main kinds of interest—one the more obviously autobiographic, recording facts and reminiscences that raise no problems; the other the subtler psychological interest of showing Byron's feelings undergoing a series of kaleidoscopic changes, and not seldom the apparent clash of opposites. Of the first kind are such recollections as call up vividly his Scottish and English teachers; the passionate schoolboy whom, in spite of slackness, a Harrow master dare not miscall with impunity; and his loves beginning with his precocious attachment at eight to his cousin, Mary Duff, which remained so strong that when he had doubled that age, hearing of her marriage, was "like a thunderstroke; it nearly choked me." Of the second kind are those that illustrate contradictions of mood and feeling. Here is the youth with his curious mixture of fierce opposition to his mother's will, and yet, as in the letters during his first visit to the East, a studied respect for her. Here is capacity for both hatred and affection, a gift of making merry with friends coupled with a revulsion towards loneliness, aristocratic preferences for certain amenities of life alongside of a democratic enthusiasm for liberty, loathing for unfairness, and contempt for many class prejudices and privileges. As illustration, take the naïve pride of high birth with which he delights to tell how Ali Pasha knew him for a noble by his "small ears, curling hair, and little white hands"; and on the other hand, that interest in social questions and sympathy with political grievances which prompted his speeches in the House of Lords, pleading for removal of disabilities from Catholics or for considerate treatment of the rioting weavers of Nottingham; or, again, his disdain for kings, and in later years his ardent desire to help Italian conspirators and Greek revolutionaries with advice and money and life.

In the letters, too, one can enter into the misery caused to a sensitive and highly-strung disposition by the quarrel with his wife in 1816, the fluctuations between chivalrous and unchivalrous thoughts, between a rankling sense of unjust condemnation by society whose idol he had been, and occasional uneasy suspicions that he might be himself at fault. "I do not believe," he writes to Moore—"and I must say it in the very dregs of all this bitter business—that there ever was a better, brighter, kinder, or a more amiable and agreeable being than Lady Byron. . . Where there is blame it belongs to myself." This is in the spirit of the verse where he calls himself "the careful pilot of my proper woe." But he does not always write so temperately: "I was accused of every monstrous vice by public rumour and private rancour. . . . I felt that if what was whispered and muttered and murmured was true, I was unfit for England; if false, England was unfit for me. I withdrew," and one knows how in his self-exile for the last eight years of his life the iron entered into his soul. Between confessions and recriminations the truth of this miserable estrangement shines out; there were faults on both sides, and Byron was not so black as he was called.

His mutability, perhaps naturally, extends to his literary work. At one time he will write: "I have done with authorship," and forswear versifying for months; at another he will note with legitimate satisfaction the welcome accorded to "Childe Harold": "I awoke one morning and found myself famous." The oscillation of his feelings from grave to gay, so unmistakable in the letters and so natural in a spirit like Napoleon's, "antithetically mix'd," makes it absurd to talk about Byron's morbid pessimism, as if that were a constant factor. In 1817 he writes:

"Though I did not dissipate much upon the whole, yet I find the sword wearing out the scabbard, though I have but just turned the corner of 29." That is the mood of February, when he composes his finely pathetic lines, "So We'll Go No More A-roving." But the mood of July is different. He has just come out from an hour's swim in the Adriatic, and in ringing verses he toasts Tom Moore—

"Whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate!"

So the pondency of his thirty-third birthday is balanced by the manly resolution of the lines on completing his thirty-sixth year. To take him, then, too seriously in either his darkest or his most flippant moods is to misunderstand Byron. Between the two extremes there lived and wrote in all seriousness and in frequent happiness the real poet.

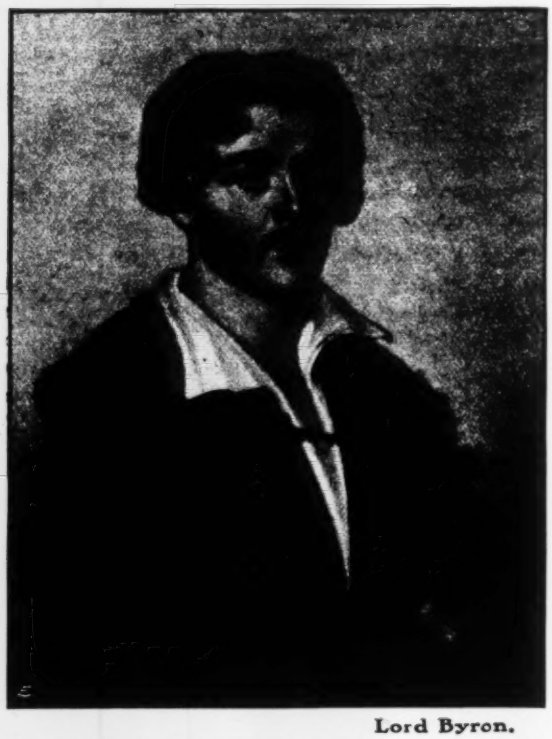
Thus lighting up traits of character by candid and offhand remarks, the letters are the strongest testimony to the fundamental honesty of the man. Both Matthew Arnold and Mr. Swinburne have emphasised Byron's sincerity. Others, misled by his habit of posing and painting himself in dark colours as one stained with unforgivable guilt, have doubted this. The pose in manner, letters, and poems is undeniable; but it is transparent. It is no lie of the soul. Partly due to vanity, it was also partly due to his unflinching defiance of pharisaism and a mischievous delight in shocking outward convention. Affectation is not deceit, and an average ability to discern human nature will recognise in Byron's correspondence one of the frankest self-revelations in literature.

In the letters, too, we travel with him, and half feel the inspiration he drew from foreign scenes and manners. The gift of phrase, play of wit, and shrewd knowledge of mankind make their perusal fascinating. Apart from their literary quality, they form one of the best commentaries on Byron's own works and method of working, and on his period. We note his early dislike of payment for writing pass into full appreciation of his market value—not into avarice, as Leigh Hunt maliciously suggests; we note his longer poems growing from week to week in England, Turkey, Switzerland, and Italy, sometimes amid a round of frivolities or worse; we meet Scott and Moore; we learn what he thinks of Wordsworth, and Southey, and other literary men of the day.

Yet, if his correspondence is thus personal and individual, the bulk of his poetry is no less so. It has been urged that he could portray only one character—himself; that Harold, the Giaour, the Corsair, Lara, Manfred, Cain, Sardanapalus, Juan form a literary monotone, and are all Byron in different settings. This I believe to be said in haste. It is to overlook the wide difference between the intellectuality of Cain and the physical force of the Giaour, between the sloth of Sardanapalus and the restlessness of Juan. It is to overlook his women characters—Medora, Adah, Angiolina, Haidée, and Aurora Raby. But it is perfectly true that so personal is his poetry that from it alone we could extract all that is significant in his life. Many pieces of his minority in "Hours of Idleness," on which the *Edinburgh Review* emptied the vials of its wrath, have the one merit of being autobiographic. Byron's retort in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" is individual in its outspoken invective, straight from the hurt pride of a literary Ishmael who wilfully assails "the Romantic Movement" of which he was a part, and champions Pope and the older school which Romanticism dethroned. Intimately personal, too, are most of his lyrics, instinct with some real devotion or real sorrow. Personal experience laid the foundations of "Childe Harold," although one must accept the author's protests and refrain from absolutely identifying him with his hero. Personal adventures colour his Eastern tales. In an especial degree, the satiric and the serious digressions in "Beppo" and "Don Juan" give expression to his innermost feelings, perpetuating sometimes in persiflage the lightest flippancy of a moment, sometimes in elevated diction his profoundest emotions.

The variety of Byron's character is matched by the variety of his poetic output. Both in mass and range it is impressive. Satire, lyric, narrative, drama are all well, though not equally well, represented. Looked at solely on the technical side, it is a great performance. He handled the heroic couplet with no mean share of Pope's *diablerie* and mordant power. He composed lyrics that will live with the language. He displayed marvellous craft in attuning the Spenserian stanza to the calm of pensive loneliness and to the frenzy of the wildest storms. He triumphed even more than Scott over the "fatal facility" which he expressly recognised in the octosyllabics employed for many of the Eastern tales. In spite of grave inequalities, he attained noble elevations in blank verse; and if he succeeded less in *terza rima* than Mrs. Browning in "Casa Guidi Windows" and than William Morris in "The Defence of Guenevere," he achieved unrivalled mastery of the *ottava rima*. This was Byron's finest achievement as a versifier. Though not the first to

From a Sketch by Harlowe. **Lord Byron, 1818.**
Rischgitz Collection.



Lord Byron.

From a Miniature formerly belonging to la Contessa Guiccioli now in the possession of la Contessa Gamba.

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imitate, he made English the satiric eight-lined stanza of Italy, and managed it with surprising versatility in "Beppo," "The Vision of Judgment," and "Don Juan."

What, then, are the pervading qualities of this wide range of poetry? They are the reflections of Byron's own character—passionate, vigorous, outspoken in expression of likes or dislikes, and of melancholy or mirth. They include a mastery of pathos and wit, and, though here I find myself at issue with certain of Byron's critics, a fund of humour. With these qualities he succeeded best in satire, in lyric, and in what may be termed the lyric passages of his longer poems. In narrative he is most convincing where he describes vigorous action, as in the rapidity of his battle scenes. The dramas, which should be judged rather as dramatic poems, because never meant to be played, suffer from a limited control over plot-construction and over dialogue.

Mrs. Musters (née Miss Chaworth).

From an Engraving by Cochran, after a Portrait by Moore.

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No poet unites all the perfections. Judging from the faults urged against Byron, one might suppose that his censurers expected the impossible. Many strictures commonly passed on the man and the writer are absolutely futile as literary criticism. Just as some pounce on his pose and impugn his sincerity, and just as conscious or unconscious followers of Southey dub him "Satanic" and lay to his charge a legion of uncommitted crimes, so others affect to sum up his style as theatrical rant signifying little, averring that he gulls his readers with cheap rhetoric adorned with literary spangles. Others think the feature to isolate is not so much his gaudy and garish writing as his carelessness. At this time of day we have heard about his slips of grammar till we are tired; they have been magnified till they almost dwarf his slips of morality. He did not need the grammarians to tell him that he could write bad grammar; often he took no time to alter what a schoolboy would have known to be wrong. "There will be some awful constructions," he wrote to Murray about something he was to toss off at high speed; with an amused complacency he actually plumed himself on his mistakes! It must be conceded that slipshod workmanship is apt to repel a fastidious critic, and there is no gainsaying Byron's recklessness in diction. But it is easy to let this becloud one's judgment. Volcanic energy bursting out with the strength of an imprisoned Titan is not the kind of power that obeys strict rules of art. Byron's genius did not permit him to take much thought about niceties of grammar or music of words. It dashed along its own path imperiously, but often in its career it snatched "a grace beyond the reach of art." It looks like ingratitude, therefore, towards such native wealth to be meticulously exacting in the matter of syntax and correctness. Others with a cool and heedless iteration which forgets his vigour, bravery, and wit, and mistakes melancholy for morbidity, glibly talk of him as a poet of pessimism. Others prefer to remind us of his difference in intellect from Wordsworth, in imagination from Shelley, in melody from Keats; briefly, in thought and execution he is contrasted with half a score of other poets, as if this proved anything more than that Byron was himself and his qualities unique.

It has become so usual to question his artistic power that one must emphasise his pith in line or phrase. To be quotable is no insignificant merit. He had a portion of his favourite Pope's succinctness. No struggle is required to remember "Ambition's less

than littleness," Greece as "land of lost gods and godlike men," Rome as "the Niobe of nations," "the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone," or a simple simile like "fair as the first that fell of womankind." Similarly, when Byron's ear for music is doubted, one may point to lines like these:—

"Like the Wormwood Star foretold
By the sainted Seer of old."
—*Ode from the French*

"Sleep hath its own world
And a wide realm of wild reality."
—*The Dream.*

"The starlight dews
All silently their tears of love distil,
Weeping themselves away."
—*Ch. Har. III.*

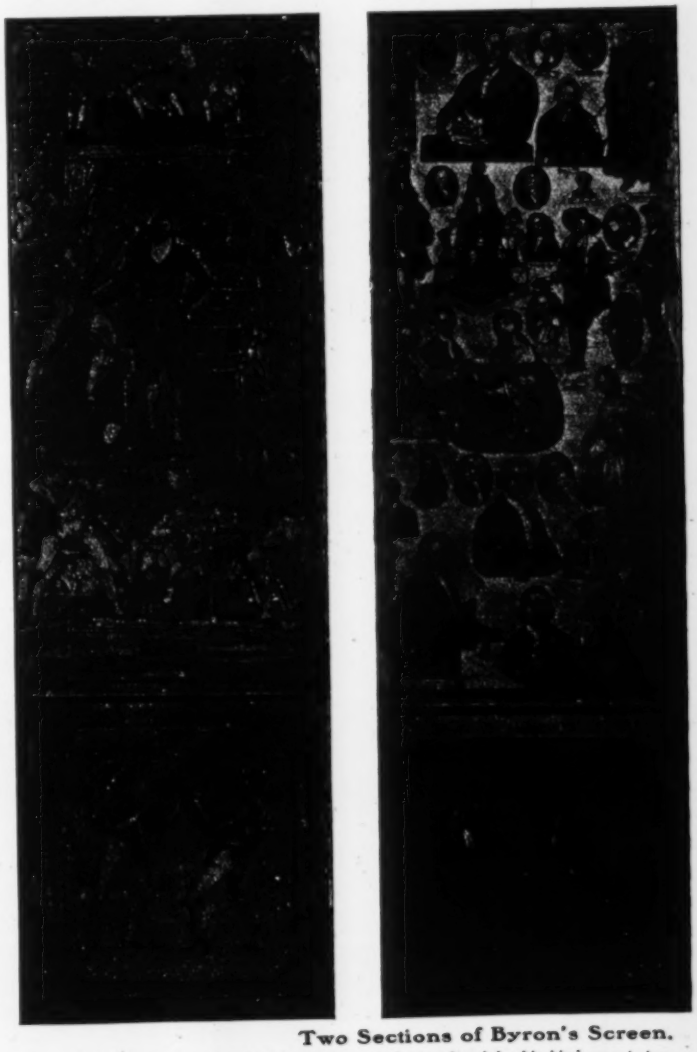
"'Tis lone
And wonderful and deep, and hath a sound
And sense and sight of sweetness."
—*Ch. Har. III.*

"O Rome! my country! city of the soul,
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires!"
—*Ch. Har. IV.*

"Sweet hour of twilight—in the solitude
Of the pine forest and the silent shore
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood."
—*Don Juan.*

"The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,
Making their summer lives one ceaseless song."
—*Don Juan.*

Nowadays, when it is not very fashionable to read poems, still less to read long poems, and when it is hard to realise the rush for copies of the "Giaour" which drove Scott into novel-writing, hasty and half-formed judgments on Byron are to be expected. But on the part of English readers this seems at least unwise, in view of the fact that he stands second among our poets according to the collective opinion of the Continent. There are reasons why he should be better appreciated abroad than at home; but there seems to be no good reason why he should not be more appreciated in his own country than he is. It militates against a fair and full estimate that he is most widely remembered in his own country by selections in our school-books, such as "Lachin y Gair," "The Vision of Belshazzar," "The Destruction of Sennacherib," and certain more or less hackneyed passages from "Childe Harold," most of which, though direct and forcible, do not register the high-water mark of his poetry. These bulk in the memory to the exclusion of better things. I would submit that the indispensable minimum for an introduction to Byron's poetry should be a group of his lyrics, to include "When we Two Parted," and the laments over "Thyrza," with their deep knell-like tones; "Maid of Athens," with its haunting refrain; "She Walks in Beauty," with its verbal witchery; "So We'll Go No More A-roving," with its restrained sadness; "On This Day I Complete my Thirty-sixth Year," a victory of resolution over the uglier impulses of his soul; the "Sonnet on Chillon"; the "Ode to Prometheus"; and among longer pieces "The Dream," an agonised reminiscence of his failure to win Mary Chaworth; "The Lament of Tasso," a true testament of hopeless love replete with noble poetry, and, if time fails for more, at least the third and fourth cantos of "Childe Harold," to test his historic sense for the great civilisations of the past, and to witness his power of combining his tumultuous ecstasies over storm, desert, and crag with the deeper Shelleyan and Wordsworthian attitude of contemplation; among the dramas,



Two Sections of Byron's Screen.
In the possession of Mr. John Murray, and reproduced by his kind permission.

"Manfred," which should tempt readers to try "Cain," and either "Marino Faliero" or "Sardanapalus"; and in lighter vein the inimitable "Vision of Judgment," where Southey's sycophancy and flattery of kings receive their due castigation; "Beppo," an airy treatment of an Italian "Enoch Arden," and, if possible, side by side with the Italian, his translation from the "Morgante Maggiore," which he rightly thought one of the cleverest things he ever did. But after all is said, it is useless to pretend that Byron can be judged apart from "Don Juan." It is not only a picaresque epic narrating Juan's adventures in Spain, among the Isles of Greece, at Constantinople, at St. Petersburg,

and in England. Byron's aim was satire rather than narration:

"My business is to *dress* Society,
And stuff with *sage* that very verdant goose."

And so we have one of the most amazing medleys ever written. Biting sarcasms, wanton flippancies, scant reverence for propriety jostle some of Byron's deepest and most beautiful reflections on life. The way in which a fine stanza is sometimes totally altered in effect by the intrusion of a triviality in thought or rhyme is almost diabolic. Yet "Don Juan" remains the work where the genius of Lord Byron finds freest vent and pours out, beside the dross, its richest ore in the most lavish profusion.

The prospects of the permanence of Byron's fame are more assured now than they were a generation ago. His own aspiration was uttered in "Childe Harold":

"I twine
My hopes of being remembered in my line
With my land's language."

And two prophecies unfailingly recur to the mind—Mazzini's, "Democracy will one day remember all that it owes to Byron," and Arnold's, "Wordsworth and Byron stand out by themselves. When the year 1900 is turned, and our nation comes to recount her poetic glories in the century which has then just ended, the first names with her will be these." It is risky even for a sane and tempered critic like Arnold to prophesy; but there are signs that, though Byron's reputation fell on evil days in his own country, a return is at last being made to him by responsible critics. There were reasons for the decay of Byronism. With the growth of freer views and the coming of quieter times, his spirit of opposition on political and social questions may have been felt to be out of date. The elements of revolt and negation in him may have blurred his positive merits. His very force may have repelled readers who preferred tamer poetry. One thing is certain—he has had practically no literary descendants in England. Abroad it has been otherwise; there he has long since come into his own. Through copious translation and imitation he has found his way to the heart of cultivated Europe. In Germany, France, Italy, Russia, and Spain, he has been hailed as a prince among the Romantics. This eminence is inexplicable, except on the ground that he had a positive appeal to make to men's feelings and thoughts. More than anything else, and better than anyone else, he proclaimed the indefeasible right of the individual to be free—free from tyrants, free from intellectual fetishes, free from social trammels. It is impossible to believe that his own land can ever be deaf to a voice so bold. Many as are the hard things said of his style, it is not unlikely that, bearing the marks of a period of international difficulties and danger, it may now renew its appeal. A style so direct and robust has its own value. Clearness and vigour are the special qualities which distinguish Byron's poetry from a poetry of decadence. When English readers appreciate the relief to be obtained from a poetry free from preciosity, Byron will have his day again.

Lord Byron. 1788
From a Statue by Thorwaldsen in the Art Library at Trinity College, Cambridge.
Rischgitz Collection.

FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF GEIBEL.)

Knowst thou, O heart, two sister-angels tender,
Come down to earth from heavenly realms above —
Quiet Friendship, with the lily pale and slender,
And, with the spray of roses, flaming Love?

Black-haired is Love; for ever warm and glowing,
Radiant as spring-tide bursting forth in flower;
Friendship is fair, and, softer colours showing,
Beams like a summer night's most restful hour.

Love is a raging sea where thousand billows
Beat one another down in wild unrest;
Friendship, a mountain lake, where heaven pillows
Her clear reflection on the water's breast.

Love enters in like flash of vivid lightning,
Friendship comes quietly like the rising moon;
Love on each gain her grasp is ever tight'ning,
Friendship, though sacrificing, claims no boon.

So is the heart thrice blessèd where both sisters
In peace and comfort happily abide;
Where the sweet lily that so palely glisters,
And the rich glowing rose, bloom side by side.

EVA M. MARTIN.

PETER ROSEGGER.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE STYRIAN NOVELIST.

IT is not often the case that the poet of a homely dialect is equally good a poet of the literary or cultivated language of his country. He must be born to the dialect to master its force and expressiveness, which are often aspects of a primitive coarseness or straightforwardness not abashed by society's rules of politeness. Born so, he acquires, from books or otherwise, the language of society as he might acquire a foreign tongue, and few are they who so master a foreign tongue as to write in it like a native. The difference between most of Burns's songs and his more studied imitations of the Popian school illustrate the point. A more recent case is the late Dr. William Alexander's "Johnnie Gibb of Gushetneuk." On any page almost of that sketch of Scottish rural life some sixty years ago a contrast can be noted between the stiff and frigid English and the homely, pithy, and humorous Aberdeenshire dialect. There are, of course, exceptions, but it is doubtful if any of the recent dialect novels published in Britain or America could fairly be instanced. The authors have usually been highly-trained artists, who supplied the deficient rusticity by local study and observation. Peter Rosegger, the Styrian poet—the German "Dichter," is not so restricted in its meaning as the English word, but he is also a poet in the English sense—is, however, a living instance of a village craftsman whose art has been unhampered by the tools or material of the larger world.

It would not be difficult to explain his case. He was not mastered by his material or tools, but mastered them. He writes modern literary German, but as a Styrian. To the dignity of Goethe's tongue he adds some of the pithiness, and directness, and grace, and "Gemütlichkeit" of the song of a "Röbbler" or a "Sennerin." Apart entirely from his provincialisms or Austriacisms, he relaxes the stringency of German syntax and reduces its ponderosity in favour of the simpler and suppler language of the peasant. Nor is he alone among German writers of to-day in that

respect. Certainly the foreign observer of the German novel of the last few years must have had proved to him the contrast, say, between Freytag and Frenssen, "Soll und Haben," and "Jörn Uhl," a contrast almost as great as that between Milton's prose and Anthony Hope's, or between the dissertations of many German professors and leader-writers of to-day and their French equivalents. The influence of the provincial dialect in making this change is easily seen. It is not a new thing. Fritz Reuter even was not the first in the field; but with the revived local patriotism that has not been confined to the Celt, it has shown its working more clearly than before. The effect is to produce a school of German fiction which, when better known here, will appeal to the English public more successfully than any that has preceded it, and which is fighting far from unsuccessfully a battle with another German school that derives its inspiration from what we loosely call the modern French novel.

Peter Rosegger is probably best known to English readers as the author of Alpine village sketches. His new book, "I. N. R. I.," the Latin inscription on the Cross, will show him to many in a new light, but to those who know the story of his life and have read his diary of a village pastor or his "Heavenly Kingdom," it shows only an inevitable development. Those who are surprised that a man, born and brought up in a deeply religious home of a strongly Roman Catholic land, a man in a sense a rationalist, a Higher Critic, and certainly a vehement critic of some of its tenets and ways, should yet deliberately remain within the fold of Roman Catholicism, may be more surprised that he should weave the life of Jesus into a romance. That is a bald way of expressing a thing difficult to put to satisfy both the literary aspect of the work and its truly religious purpose, just as it would be bald to say Milton turned the story of Paradise into verse. One explanation is to be found in Rosegger's two books referred to above, which can alienate no religious sympathy, and which prove his type of mind akin in many ways to that of Dr. George MacDonald. Rosegger's belief is that of the grown-up child, and he tells the Gospel story as he drank it in from his mother's lips, as the Jews were told and as they retold the lives of Moses and the Kings and the Prophets, and as the early Christians heard and narrated the life of Jesus. Such is his religion, and his romance follows from his poetry, which invests his simple belief with a glamour that recalls the days of childhood.

Rosegger is what the German critics call a "Naturdichter"; he is naturally a poet and storyteller. He was born in July, 1843, in the hamlet Alpl, near Krieglach, in the Styrian Alps, and baptised on the 1st August from the Church Calendar Petri Kettenfeier (Petrus in Vinculis). Of a slight and weak constitution, he found his earliest pleasure in his poor and pious home in listening to the Bible stories told by his parents and in retelling them in his own words to his brothers and sisters, who were sturdier but less mentally alert. His mother was exceptional among the peasants of these remote highlands in being able to read, and, in spite of the difficulties of education and the claims of housework or herding on the Alm (the upland pasture of the Alps), her eldest son early mastered all she could teach. He found one day an old tattered book on the lives of Christ and Mary by Pater Cochem, and acquired a reputation in the neighbourhood by his skill in reading the evangelical legends it contained. Despite scanty opportunities he learned to write from a travelling schoolmaster, and he was summoned far and near to read to the sick and dying and to set down in writing their last wishes. On such occasions he found that the text of his work was often unsuitable, and he was driven to condense and alter it after his childish judgment. His health made it impossible for him to follow the hardier trades of his companions, and he was apprenticed a tailor to an old man who exercised his calling in the patriarchal fashion of finding temporary board and lodging in the families of his clients. Peter Rosegger's interest in the tailor's patterns was aroused only by the fact that they were cut from newspapers, and contained fragments to read, but the fact that for four and a half years he had the opportunity of the closest study of his land and people in their most intimate relationships supplied him later with inexhaustible material for his life's work. Already he had begun to write and to draw in his brief leisure, and an almanac he produced all by himself, text and cuts, for lack of the coppers to buy one, found an admiring public; he had the good luck to prophesy the weather correctly for a season for which the standard work of the countryside had lamentably miscarried. He wrote all his boyish stories and poems and four-liners—local hits or proverbial wisdom of the hamlet to be recited or sung to a standard air—in his native dialect, Upper Styrian, although for his own use he occasionally copied the High German style of the village priest. His skill was such that he was in constant request to write letters or epitaphs—or "mottoes" for the fancy bread of the confectioner. But even thus early his difference from others made his parents tremble for his future and drove an old servant maid to warn him against "Freigeist."

As to Burns, a patron came to Rosegger in a composer, Schmölzer, who coveted the text of the folk-songs of the district. In 1864, towards the end of his apprenticeship, Rosegger collected three manuscript volumes of Styrian songs, in which, as in the cases of Burns and —perhaps a closer parallel—Scott, his poetic insight had found much to improve. A casual hint led him a little earlier to wish to see himself in print, and he sent a letter with several poems to the *Tagespost* in Graz. Dr. Svoboda, the editor, was so struck by their merit that he wrote asking full particulars of the lad's life and work with a view to securing patrons for his education. The happy poet despatched fifteen pounds' weight of manuscript on the back of a farmer who had business in Graz, but his work as a tailor carried him away for months from the possibility of communication. When Christmas of 1864 found him once more at home, a wonderful packet of letters and books awaited him, for a striking appreciation of the "Styrian folk-poet" and an appeal to benefactors had made his name public. This was of course the turning-point in Rosegger's life.

But the entry into a new life was hard for a lad of so

rustic and rudimentary an upbringing. To the horror of his parents and comrades he had hastily thrown away his chance as a tailor just when he was beginning to earn a livelihood, and homesickness and the disillusionment of apprenticeship to a bookseller in Laibach made him almost confirm their forebodings. Fortunately the restraining hand of Dr. Svoboda and his influence secured him bread and tuition until he was able to enter the Academy for Trade and Industry in Graz. Here he spent four happy years crowded with work suited to his taste, overtaking the younger students born in happier circumstances for learning, and winning favour everywhere by his naturalness and ability. The leader in the publication of an academy magazine, he contributed Styrian verses to the *Tagespost*, and, constantly improving by practice and self-criticism and the advice of such patrons as Dr. Svoboda and the poet Hamerling, he was able in 1869 to publish a volume of Styrian poems, the success of which was beyond his dreams. From that date his output has been constant—at first more Styrian poems, but soon German works that carried his name far beyond the confines of Austria or even Greater Germany. The mere list of his works occupies two closely printed quarto pages in the excellent life of the poet written by Hermine and Hugo Möbius (Leipzig, Staackmann).

But the best life of Peter Rosegger, the name he has definitely adopted after a lengthy usage of P. K. Rosegger, is his own work. Many writers have drawn as much from their own experiences, but few probably have confessed themselves so openly. His simplicity indeed had often led him in earlier days into publishing what he later had cause to regret. It is not only in such a work as "Mein Himmelreich" that he lets us into the inner secrets of his mind, the evolution of his view of life, or in such works as "Waldheimat" and "Als ich jung noch war" that he traces his mental and physical growth, but every page even of such a novel as "Weltgift," the contrasted workings of city and country upon human types, has autobiographical touches. From these it is easy to see he is a singularly simple but clear-minded man, like the forest schoolmaster or the village priest of two of his best-loved works, whose heart, unsullied by success, is with his people and with his Alpine land. It was natural that the transition in youth from a hamlet to even so modest an intellectual centre as the Graz Academy should disturb the primitive teachings of the Alpl pulpit; it was more natural that he should resent the suffering his father endured through the mistaken bigotry of the priests who regarded the son as excommunicated; but the kindness and tolerance and catholicity of his nature quenched all such resentment. If he analysed his sympathies he might find himself most closely in touch with the German Evangelical Christians, and he successfully worked on their behalf in his own community, and by his recitals and appeals helped them most effectively to build their church in a neighbouring hamlet. But his optimism and his wish to see the best in everything keep him still within the Church of his parents, for he holds his Gospel to contain his religion and Catholic to be synonymous with Christian. That is the man whose whole artistic manhood has been to work upon the experience of his youth, and now in his seventh decade he has turned back upon his earliest joys and recollections to tell to the world at large the story of Jesus which he told to his baby brothers almost sixty years ago.

THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.

"The love of learning, the sequestered nooks,
And all the sweet serenity of books."—Longfellow.

THE DAWN OF ENGLISH FICTION.

ONE of the chief temptations of the historian of literature is to effect an orderliness of arrangement that has nothing to correspond with it in the realm of fact. Confronted with an enormous array of biographical and critical details, he proceeds to put them into neatly arranged pigeon-holes. And when the time comes for weaving them into a coherent narrative, the historian in many cases forgets that the arrangement is entirely of his own making. He falls a victim to classification. There is one thing that no student of literature should ever lose sight of, and that is that literature is an organic whole. It is impossible to say how many popular errors of literary judgment are due to this mistaken passion for order. Sometimes literature is measured off by the century. We talk of Eighteenth Century Literature as if it were a growth by itself, with no roots in the past and with no offshoots reaching forward to the future. Or, again, we speak as if literature underwent a violent cataclysm with the accession of a sovereign. Elizabethan Literature, Victorian Literature, and similar phrases are used in many cases as if they were labels for parcels of homogeneous literary wares. Yet another, and less objectionable, method is to name successive periods of our literature after the most distinguished writers belonging to each: thus, the Age of Dryden, the Age of Johnson, the Age of Wordsworth. But in actual experience literature bids defiance to this method also. The great planets of literature seldom swim singly into our ken. Who is to determine the rival claims of Addison, Swift, and Pope to affix their name upon their common period?

This may seem, as it essentially is, a matter of small importance. It is a question of nomenclature, a convention forced upon us by the necessities of teaching and of exposition. But it is attended by serious ills. Scholars only recognise to the full how much we are the slaves of words. Once let a phrase get a certain false significance, it will indisputably colour our way of thinking. No one is exempt from the influence of what Bacon calls "question-begging" phrases. To the scholar and man of letters such terms as we have mentioned are recognised as merely convenient labels, meaning little. But of general readers nine out of ten are taught to regard literature as a garden divided into a succession of well-trimmed plots. Fiction, drama, essay, lyrics, history, theology, philosophy are all in their respective corners, and each displays its critical label stating its genus and its species. The difference between the growth of literature as it really is and as it must be presented in a text-book, is precisely the difference between a jungle and a herbarium.

On the other hand, quite unreasonable objection has often been taken to the application to the teaching of literature of the so-called historical method. Rightly understood and applied, there is no better way. It is quite idle to sneer at "literary developments" as if this were an academic fad of applying to literature the doctrine of evolu-

tion. To thread the maze a clue is essential. And there is no better clue than the historical method. To an intelligent reader of any book it doubles his interest and pleasure if he can give to it an historical setting, if he can "place it" in the artificial chart of literary history. Many eminent men of letters have preached that the ideal literary training for the young is the liberty to browse at will in a great library. If a number of people were set adrift in boats without rudder, chart, or compass, a few by luck and by an instinct for seamanship would arrive in port; but the majority would be derelicts. It is not different in embarking on a course of reading. The vast majority require guidance. All that they have to bear in mind is that the clean-cut division of the literary text-book is an educational artifice. Literature is an organic whole. It cannot be measured off by the puny tape-line of centuries, or of dynasties, or of reigns, or of personalities. Within recent times we have even come to learn that it ignores completely the bounds of nationality.

The bearing of these general considerations on the particular subject, The Dawn of English Fiction, may not seem apparent. As a matter of fact, they are extremely pertinent to the treatment of any literary origins. The history of fiction, as much as any department of our literature, has suffered from the methods of which we have tried to describe the merits as well as the defects. Up to a certain stage in his knowledge, it is well for the reader of English fiction to believe that the novel was invented by Samuel Richardson in the year 1740. That is an excellent starting-point. Everyone knows that a witty briefless barrister and man-about-town, called Henry Fielding, was so amused at the solemnity of the excellent Mr. Richardson that he set about writing a parody of "Pamela," and that he had hardly begun this task when he discovered that he was really writing a great original work of fiction. Henceforth the course of English fiction is easily mapped out. It is as simple as a scriptural genealogical table. Richardson begat Fielding, Fielding begat Smollett, Smollett begat Dickens, Dickens begat Gissing—and so we progress easily from 1740 to the end of the Victorian era. There is no gainsaying the importance of the date 1740 in the history of English fiction. What the student has to bear in mind is that it marks, not a starting-point, but a turning-point. The officials of our Patent Office annually endorse the words of the Psalmist that there is nothing new under the sun. Blamed for stealing ideas from a certain Mr. Henry Carr, Daniel Defoe in his day wearily quoted the same time-honoured apology. And if there is a difficulty in claiming a patent in the mechanical world, it is ten times harder to achieve this in literature. In many respects, however, a parallel may be observed. The successful patentee is generally the fortunate heir of many other men's incomplete or abortive inventions. The literary innovator is so always.

The writer of a notable manual on English prose deliberately excluded fiction from his task on the ground of the close affinity of poetry and romance. On similar grounds we may well call Chaucer the first English novelist. Plot and characterisation are the essentials of good fiction, and in both respects Chaucer is supreme. To create one vital character, to clothe an "idiosyncrasy" or a "humour" with flesh and blood, means immortality to any novelist. Chaucer created not one, but an entire company. In the whole range of English fiction there are no sturdier creations than his. Fielding, Goldsmith, Smollett, Thackeray, Dickens, have all introduced us to friendships dearer than most of us encounter in real life. But with the exception of Dickens we doubt if any English writer has excelled Chaucer in the god-like faculty of character creation. The genius of Chaucer overrides the lapse of time. For more than five hundred years English readers have viewed with entrancement his band of jovial pilgrims riding down the road from Southwark to Canterbury, telling deathless stories as they go.

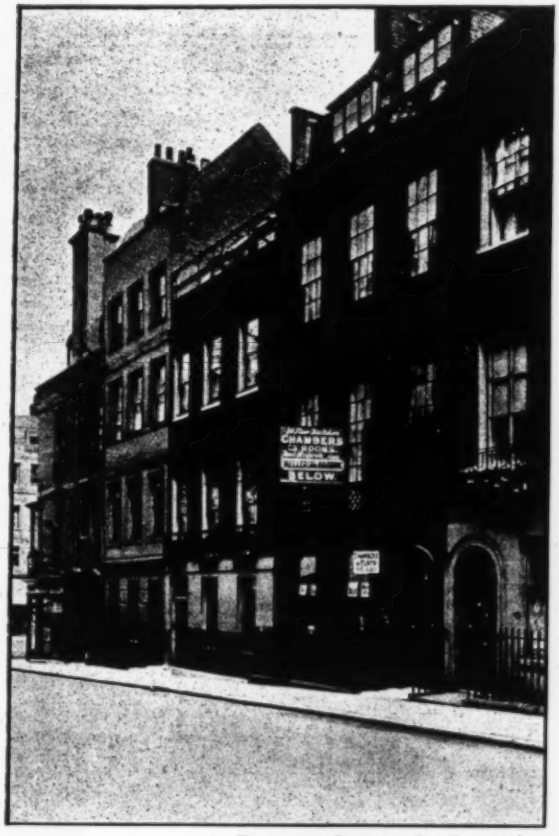
"Romance" and "novel" are words of French and Italian origin respectively, and the history of each throws light on the course of English fiction. Romance was the name given to the spoken as opposed to the literary language of France, Italy, Spain, and Portugal. In course of time the name was specially applied to the most popular feature in the literature of these countries—the songs of the wandering minstrels. These latter mainly fell into four great groups, or Cycles of Romance, dealing with the legends of Arthur, Charlemagne, Alexander, and Troy. The ultimate predominance of the first of these cycles in our literary history is not entirely due to its national interest. The credit for this belongs to the genius of Sir Thomas Malory, the author-editor of the "Morte d'Arthur," and to his printer, William Caxton. English literature owes much more to Caxton than the introduction of printing. Himself an indefatigable translator, he was also an enlightened "publisher." His greatest honour is that he aided Malory in rescuing from oblivion the finest of mediæval romances, and thus preserved for English imaginative literature a magic well-spring of perennial inspiration and delight.

It was not till the reign of Elizabeth that the full tide of the influence of the Italian renascence was felt in English literature. Originally the *novella* meant what would now be called a "good story"—often little more than a quip or jest, a "merrie tale" generally rather more conspicuous for its mirth than its morality. The Decameron of Boccaccio had already left its mark on our literature. But it was not till now that it and the later Italian fiction became, through translations, a large and important item in the popular literature of England. The most valuable collection of this kind is Painter's "Palace of Pleasure" (1566), which not only hastened the advent of the English prose novel, but was one of the great store-chests from which was fitted out the ship of the Elizabethan drama.

Fired by the success of such books as the "Palace of Pleasure," a young Oxford wit of twenty-six, John Lyly, published in 1579, "Euphues, the Analogy of Wit." For ten years Euphuism became the language of the Elizabethan world of fashion, and for half a century it was a power in English literature. To most people it is now but a name made familiar by the parodies of Shakespeare and Scott. Its contemporary success has brought a reaction that does not do justice to its importance. The story itself is quite invertebrate, and what merits its style possesses are ruined by extravagant excess. It is enough that this book—in whose hero a French critic has found the prototype of Sir Charles Grandison and Daniel Deronda—influenced Shakespeare and affected the history of English fiction.

The fashion of Euphuism was ousted when Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia" was published in 1590. This was the first English pastoral romance. Its influence on the later history of the novel was luckily of small account. It is certain that Richardson knew the book, and that he chose from it the name of his heroine, Pamela. Both the essay and the poetry of the eighteenth century also betray many signs of this influence—never to the advantage of their readers. More important in many ways and vastly more entertaining are two other Elizabethan novelists—Nash and Green. Their "novels" are little more than pamphlets, the best of them of an autobiographical kind. But both authors had "warmed both hands before the fire of life," and their works, describing the London of their day, are early exercises in realistic fiction. It serves to give a continuity to the history of English fiction to regard Sidney and Nash as respectively the ancestors of Richardson and Defoe.

There is little error in describing the seventeenth century as a blank page in the history of the novel. It did indeed witness the rise and fall of a school of fiction of its own—the long-winded heroical romance. But this was not a native growth, nor was it literature. It was an importation from France not improved in the passage. The real contribution of the century to the English novel was of an indirect kind. The political unrest of the time had its literary parallel. Science, biography, diaries, letters, all had their devotees. And all this was in fulness of time to provide new material for the real novelists to come. Bunyan, as much as Sidney, would have repudiated the name of "novel." But the novel as a literary kind is the product of a very mixed ancestry. There is scarcely any form of literary activity which has not lent it of its strength. Both as regards form and matter Bunyan is not to be excluded from the list of the novel's progenitors. Bunyan's concern was allegory, not fiction. He painted vices and virtues, not men and women of his day. But by the force of genius he transcended allegory, and endowed his abstractions with life. It is not to be doubted that a good novelist was lost in the

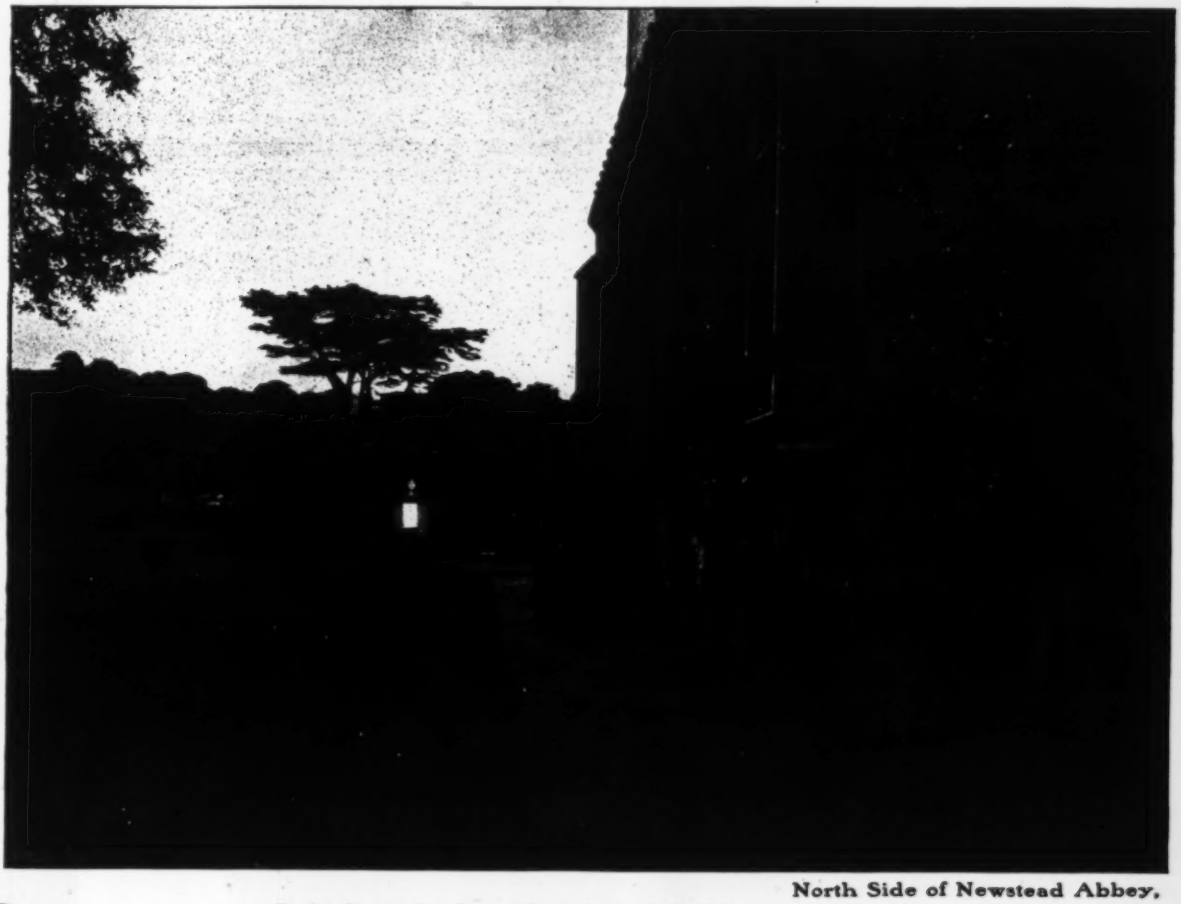


4, Bennett Street, St. James's,

Where "The Giaour," "Bride of Abydos," and "The Corsair" were produced.

8, St. James's Street.

Whilst living here, Byron delivered his maiden speech in the House of Lords and published the first two cantos of "Childe Harold."



North Side of Newstead Abbey.

Showing the spot where Byron wished to be buried with his favourite dog, Boatswain.

historian of Mr. Badman. Nor can it be doubted that Defoe owed him many obligations. The most direct contribution of the century towards the development of the novel was the work of the writers of "characters." But of these we have already spoken in conection with the history of the English essay.

There remains to mention what is undoubtedly the greatest literary achievement of the seventeenth century. It is of supreme importance, not only in the history of fiction, but as affecting our literature generally. It was the seventeenth century that made our English prose style. Hitherto there was no sharp line of cleavage between prose and poetry. In modern times many poets have been accused of prose. But before Dryden's day every prose writer was a poet. It was the poet Dryden who both by precept and glorious example showed the possibility and the necessity of effecting a separation. The question had to be threshed out again by Wordsworth and Coleridge. But Dryden brought about the revolution. From Dryden and Temple the English essayists caught the secret of writing an unpoetical prose. When the English novelists in the modern sense appeared, they owed to the seventeenth century not only a great store of materials and suggestions; they owed them also the literary medium by which they have won their influence and their immortality. RANGER.

The following are some suggested text-books and reference books bearing on the subject:—

"The English Novel." By Professor Raleigh. 3s. 6d. (Murray.)
Dunlop's "History of Fiction." 2 vols. 3s. 6d. each. (Bohn's Library.)
Chaucer's Prioress's Tale, Clerk's Tale, etc. Modernised by Prof. Skeat. 1s. 6d. (Moring.)
Malory's Morte D'Arthur. 2 vols. 7s. (Macmillan.)
Selections from Morte D'Arthur. Ed. Mead. 4s. 6d. (Nutt.)
Malory's King Arthur. Ed. Rhys. 1s. 6d. (Scott.)
Sidney's Arcadia. 2s. 6d. net. (Low.)
More's Utopia. Ed. Arber. 4s. net. (Constable.)
Euphues. Ed. Arber. 4s. net. (Constable.)
Dekker's Gull's Hornbook. Ed. McKerrow. 1s. net. (Moring.)
Green's Menaphon. 1s. 6d. net. (Constable.)
Earle's Microcosmographie. Ed. Arber. 1s. net. (Constable.)

THE "BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

OCTOBER, 1905.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from Shakespeare applicable to any review or the name of any author or book in the October number of THE BOOKMAN.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA is offered for the best list of alternative titles for the following novels:—*The History of Pendennis, Jane Eyre, Adam Bede, David Copperfield, Oliver Twist, Middlemarch.*

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS of the month is offered for the correct answer to the following question:—

The following are the closing sentences of the prefaces to famous books in English literature. Name the books:

(1) "*Die Zeit ist unendlich lang*, says Goethe; and so it really is. Some of us waste all of it, most of us waste much, but all of us waste some."
(2) "A man is to be cheated into passion, but to be reasoned into tru...."
(3) "Those who love not their fellow-beings live unfruitful lives, and prepare for their old age a miserable grave"
(4) "The future of Italy shall not be disinherited."
(5) "Remember a well-worn sentence of St Jerome's, 'If an offence come out of the truth, better is it that the offence come than that the truth be concealed.'"
(6) "Where he has failed, the failure is in the architect—and not in the art."
(7) "We see religion suffering veritably the catastrophe of Poland, which found such a fatal enjoyment in quarrelling, and quarrelled so long, that a day came at last when there was no Poland any more, and then the quarrelling ceased."
(8) "It is impossible to read carefully the great ancients without losing something of our caprice and eccentricity; and to emulate them we must at least read them."
(9) "Only by varied iteration can alien conceptions be forced on reluctant minds."

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Prize Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to make use of any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

I.—The PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA for the best Shakespeare quotation has been gained by Miss G. THOMAS, Trevose, Wrexham.

THE DATE OF KNOX'S BIRTH. By D. HAY FLEMING.
"A cunning man did calculate my birth."—*Hen VI.*, B. IV., 1, 34.

From a very large number of quotations received this month we append the following:—

TRAVELS IN EQUATORIAL EAST AFRICA. By HERR SCHILLING.
"Stalk on, stalk on: the fowl sits!"—*Much Ado*, II. 3, 98.
(Rev. K. F. COBBOLD, Beachampton Rectory, Stony Stratford.)

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.
"Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons."
—*Two Gent. of Ver.*, I. 1, 112.
(J. A., Cumbernauld, N.B.)

CONFESSIONS OF A LADY'S MAN. By W. LE QUEUX.
"No more: the text is foolish."—*K. Lear*, IV. 2.
(Miss H. BATCHELOR, 7, Lansdowne Place, Blackheath.)

AN EYE-WITNESS IN MANCHURIA. By Lord BROOKE.
"Strange things in hand, Master Brook!"—*M. W. W.*, V. 1, 33.
(F. A. COOPER, Wootton Bassett.)

WHEN A GIRL'S ENGAGED. By HOPE MERRICK.
"A very good piece of work, I assure you; and a merry."
(Mrs. BULLER, 38, Mt. Park Crescent, Ealing, W.)

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS of the month for the best list of twenty Historical Novels, each descriptive of a separate period of British History, has been gained by Mr. J. NIELD, 27, Dartmouth Road, Brondesbury, N.W.

(1) Lytton's *Harold*.—The end of Saxon Rule, 1052 to 1066 (Battle of Hastings).
(2) Charles Kingsley's *Hereward the Wake*.—Completion of the Norman Conquest, 1066 to 1071.
(3) Scott's *Ivanhoe*.—Richard I. in 1194.
(4) Conan Doyle's *The White Company*.—Time of the Black Prince, 1367 and after.

(5) Lytton's *The Last of the Barons.*—Wars of the Roses, 1467 to 1471.
(6) Anne Manning's *The Household of Sir Thomas More.*—Chelsea. 1522 to 1535.
(7) Harrison Ainsworth's *The Tower of London.*—The Tower during the period 1537 to 1554 (Lady Jane Grey, etc.).
(8) Charles Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* - Elizabeth, 1575 to 1588 (The Armada).
(9) Scott's *The Fortunes of Nigel.*—James I. in 1604.
(10) J. H. Shorthouse's *John Inglesant.*—Charles I., 1622 onwards (Civil War).
(11) Scott's *Woodstock.*—Cromwell in 1652.
(12) Harrison Ainsworth's *Old St. Paul's.*—The Plague and Fire of London, 1665-6.
(13) Scott's *Old Mortality.*—Claverhouse and the Covenanters, 1679.
(14) R. D. Blackmore's *Lorna Doone.*—Monmouth Rebellion (Battle of Sedgemoor, 1685).
(15) Thackeray's *Esmond.*—William III. and Anne, 1691 to 1714.
(16) Walter Besant's *Dorothy Forster.*—Jacobite Rebellion of 1715.
(17) Scott's *Waverley.*—Jacobite Rebellion of 1745.
(18) Gilbert Parker's *The Seats of the Mighty.*—The Taking of Quebec, 1759.
(19) Dickens' *Barnaby Rudge.*—The Gordon Riots, 1780.
(20) R. D. Blackmore's *Springhaven.*—Nelson, 1802 to 1805 (Battle of Trafalgar).

Excellent lists were also submitted by Miss R. E. Hewetson, 7, Waverley Road, Liverpool; Mr. H. De Bell, 6, The Avenue, Bolton; Mr. M. E. Page, Fore Street, Bridgewater; Miss A. Maule, 155, Latchmore Road, Lavender Hill, S.W.; Mr. H. Walker, All Saints' Road, Ipswich; Mr. J. Rae, 9, Queen's Terrace, Aberdeen; Mr. Clarence Eiloart, 18, Carmalt Gardens, Putney; Mrs. Rogers, Knock, Co. Down; Miss M. A. M. Macalister, Torrisdale, Cambridge; Miss F. Byrne, 7, Caroline Place, Birkenhead; Mr. J. C. Macpherson, Elgin; "Outis," Liscard, Cheshire; Miss H. Batchelor, Blackheath; Miss M. Leask, 280, Holborn Street, Aberdeen.

In deciding this competition, which proved very popular with the readers of The Bookman, the Editor has been guided mainly by two considerations—the literary eminence of the books suggested and their adequacy in covering the range of British history. Many competitors showed a confused idea of what really constitutes an historical novel as contrasted with fiction that delineates the manners of any special period. On this point the Editor would quote the definition given by the winner of the prize in his well-known "Guide to the Best Historical Novels and Tales": "A novel is rendered *Historical* by the introduction of dates, personages, or events, to which identification can be readily given."

III.—A Prize of Half-a-Guinea for the best list of six subjects suitable for inclusion in the Syllabus of a Literary Society has been gained by Mr. William Murison, 140, Hamilton Place, Aberdeen.

1. Traditional ballads.
2. Literature in the service of religious and social reform.
3. Writers of dialect.
4. The varying importance in different writers of the man himself, his age, and his predecessors.
5. How the literature of different countries affect each other.
6. Fools and jesters as portrayed in drama, fiction, and anecdote.

The lists submitted by the following are deserving of special commendation:—Mr. J. Oakley, 82, Fitzwalter Road, Sheffield; Mr. J. Rae, 9, Queen's Terrace, Aberdeen; Miss J. E. Greenleaves, Hale, Altringham; Miss E. M. Blanch, Cleadon Hall, Sunderland; Miss B. Anderson, 11, Lonsdale Road, Scarborough.

The answers received for this competition were disappointing in quality. Very few practical suggestions were made possessing any novelty, and competitors seemed unable to get away from the well-worn grooves of the Literary Society Syllabus. Among the subjects suggested the following may prove useful to some of our readers:—"The Poetry of the Sea," "The Child in Literature," "The History of Children's Literature," "The Poetry of the New Celtic School," "The Influence of Science on Latter-day Literature," "English Social Movements as Reflected in Fiction," "Utopian Literature," "Statesmen as Men of Letters."

IV.—The Prize of One Year's Subscription for "The Bookman" has been gained by Mr. J. Moffatt, Dundonald, Ayrshire, whose suggestion appears in the third competition for November.

The subject of the second competition has for several months been suggested in a variety of forms by a very large number of our readers. Under this head, therefore, the Editor is unable to make any award.

New Books.

PROFESSOR RITCHIE'S "PHILOSOPHICAL STUDIES."*

In the Memoir, with which this book opens, Prof. Latta gives an attractive picture of the author's personality and a sympathetic and lucid account of his philosophical position. Ritchie was known to the public chiefly as a writer on political and ethical questions—as one of the finest critics of *laissez-faire*, and as an exponent of a reasonable Socialism, which was rooted in his view of the social nature of man and the moral function of the State. In these works the underlying point of view was not emphasised. The present "Studies," on the other hand, deal with fundamental problems of metaphysics and religion. They abound in practical comments which lend them a vivid interest; but it is by way of application and illustration only. They lay hold upon the reader because they are the intimate and strenuous reflections of a thinker who sought to understand the meaning of human experience, and who was able to express himself without needless technicalities, in pointed, clear, and often brilliant sentences.

His style and his "habit of deducing political conclusions from first principles" struck an Oxford contemporary as "rather French than English or even Scotch." But this was only a first impression. The academic training which made him a political philosopher and an artist in words had a favourable basis to work upon in his ancestry. He came of a line of Scottish Churchmen and University professors, not of the highest distinction perhaps, but with the learning, culture, and interest in things of the mind which marked their class and time. They were without the fervour which distinguished the Evangelical leaders. Perhaps they were "not, in the Scotch sense of the word, religious"—to use the words in which Lord Cockburn described the Moderate party. But they were men of high moral principle; they were theologians, and in theology orthodox. Ritchie owed even more to this atmosphere than most sons of the manse. He was an only son, was sent to the town school, but not allowed to associate with the town boys; and if he was thus thrown back upon himself more than was good for him, he also learned much from his father—a man of scholarship, refinement, and humour. The traditional Conservatism in politics and religion was adhered to without bitterness in the household; and when Ritchie's own thinking led him, as it did gradually, to a Radical attitude in both regions, he felt the pain of being thus separated in sentiment from his family, and his loneliness was increased; but his nature was not rent by any violent spiritual struggle.

"When I used to think theologically," he writes in one

* "Philosophical Studies." By David G. Ritchie. Edited, with a memoir, by Robert Latta. Pp. ix., 355. 10s. net. (Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

place. But indeed he never ceased to think theologically; only with him "thinking theologically" and "thinking philosophically" came to mean the same thing. He learned to distinguish between the spiritual import of a theological doctrine and the fact, or alleged fact, with which it was connected; and, when he did so, the former became all-important; and the fact became a question for historical investigation which might decide either way without affecting the validity of the doctrine. "Of a spiritual truth there can only be spiritual evidence, the witness of God in the soul, *i.e.*, reason recognising itself. . . . I know you feel this undermines reality, and most people feel that; but it leaves the only things that can't be shaken." He applies this principle in an interesting way to the creeds of the Church. He had "no special objection to the Athanasian Creed. . . . All these propositions about the Trinity and the relation between the divine and human nature are metaphysical theories, not statements of fact for which evidence can be given or required; and the objection to an ordinary English congregation using this creed is not that it is false, but that it is perfectly meaningless (though it may have a profound meaning to a person who has thought himself into the spirit of a Greek theologian)." On the other hand, he is emphatic in rejecting all intrusion into doctrine of questions about matters of fact: "If Christianity means that, although we may *perhaps* be permitted to doubt that an ass spoke with human speech and that a big fish swallowed a minor prophet, or even that devils went into a herd of pigs, we must nevertheless fervently believe that a unique case of parthenogenesis occurred among the mammalia, . . . then there are many sober-minded and thoughtful persons who will feel compelled to disown the Christian name."

This same distinction between fact and origin on the one hand, and validity on the other hand, rules the whole of Ritchie's thinking. It gave him his point of view, and made him both an Evolutionist and an Idealist. The law of evolution provided the clue for describing nature and man and society; and perhaps he scarcely emphasised enough the different factors implied in the law of evolution according as it is applied to inorganic nature, to life, and to mind. But while he yielded everything to science on its own ground, he held that scientific truths themselves could only be made fully coherent when interpreted by a philosophical principle or idea. Even in moral sentiments and opinions a development is in process; and no period may pretend to finality. Certainly not the present. "We must not assume that Christian ethics (the ethics of the progressive races) will crystallize exactly at the stage which would satisfy the conscience of the Irish Catholic or exactly at the stage which would satisfy the self-conscious American woman, who would prohibit whisky and tobacco and establish a matriarchate of neurotic iced-water idlers." More obviously, progress is to be looked for in the social order. "Society, for its own sake, provides a conscience for its members." But at the same time, "those individuals who come to understand and reflect on the society round them see the germs of an ideal beyond what others have grasped, and from their new point of view can criticise the defects of existing institutions and ideas." The ideal which Ritchie saw involved a radical though gradual extension of State action coupled with a growing moralisation of the State itself. It was almost as far removed from the conventional Liberalism of Disestablishment and individual liberty as from time-honoured Conservatism with its fixed class distinctions and paternal legislation.

So far as he dealt with the facts, whether of nature or of human life, Ritchie followed the historical method. But history, he contended, could not give a coherent interpretation of these facts or provide an ideal for conduct. It was here that his idealist metaphysics entered: "That we are one with 'the reason of things' makes a knowledge of nature possible: that we are one with our fellow beings makes morality and society possible. To fill up this mere formal unity, to realise it in all its complex detail, that is the endeavour of all science, of all morality." From this principle the conclusion follows that man as a spiritual being can *be* only as a member of a community, that his true good must be a social good, that in order to 'realise himself,' he must realise himself in the State and the State in himself.

These views are not new; and no criticism of them need be attempted here. But they have seldom been put forward with such freshness and clearness and lightness of touch as by Ritchie. In what precedes reference has been made solely to three papers, not hitherto printed, entitled "Cogitatio Metaphysica," "Confessio Fidei," and "Moral Philosophy," which together constitute the bulk of the volume, and which have been edited from the author's note-books by Prof. Latta. The volume also contains three other metaphysical papers which have been previously published in journals. One of these, on "The One and the Many," is a brilliant example of Ritchie's power of giving life and interest to an abstract topic. It is a discussion of the problem which every philosopher must face, and a defence of Idealism against the "pragmatic" doctrine as it was put forward by Prof. William James. A single extract may be quoted:

"The business of philosophy must be to think the world—to carry on that work of making things intelligible which is begun by the sciences. It is relevant to object to a philosophical system that it ignores some set of facts. . . . But it is irrelevant to ask from philosophy the satisfaction of other than intellectual demands. Philosophy is not a good dinner, nor is it fine music, nor is it nowadays the ecstasy of passionate love or of religious emotion. The consolations of philosophy must remain somewhat grey and grim. That human nature has other than intellectual needs—in fact that most human beings have very limited and easily satisfied intellectual needs—is one of those facts which philosophy must take account of, perhaps somewhat sadly. But philosophy would only be made absurd, if it were to profess to satisfy other than intellectual demands. The attempt to bring it down to the level of 'the vulgar' by throwing in concessions to popular sentiment may make the name of philosophy popular, but at the expense of its credit for honesty. A public which is satisfied with the political philosophy of the Declaration of Independence will doubtless be pleased with the assertion of the liberty of the individual to believe what he wants to believe. It is what people generally do, and there is no necessity to provide them with a philosophical formula to cover the nakedness of their haphazard thinking. . . The truth of a scientific proposition or of a philosophical theory is not refuted by anyone acting as if it were not true."

The whole book is full of interest, and shows how much philosophy has lost by the author's untimely death.

W. R. SORLEY.

LUCAS'S LAMB.*

The process which is apt to give the greatest possible satisfaction to a book-lover of the present day is the process of concentration. Every volume that single-handed will perform the work which has hitherto been performed by two or four, or possibly even a dozen, is a boon and a blessing. The realisation of this fact is much too rare among authors. The more grateful we to Mr. Lucas, who seems to have more than a glimmering of this great central truth. He has certainly endeavoured, according to his lights, to give us a concentrated essence of Charles Lamb in the present "Life." That he has succeeded altogether and at one *coup* in achieving such a result we may not be fully convinced, but that by these *Mémoires pour servir* the process of final distillation has been brought within a far more measurable distance there can be no possible ground to doubt. Mr. Lucas has made no attempt to focus Lamb for us sharply and to interpret the vision to us through the medium of his own taste. His model, we take it, is that of Forster in his "Life of Goldsmith." He begins by transcribing every line of autobiography in the letters and essays of his subject, and he then elaborately crosses this record by verbatim testimonies from contemporary acquaintances and friends. The biographer arranges where everything is to go upon this complex page; he scores out a line here and puts a few dots there, adding upon good occasion some shrewd comment of his own. Drive a pencil, however, through the passages cited so freely from "Elia," from the "Letters," from Patmore and Crabb Robinson, from Hazlitt, and Hunt, and Talfourd, and Barry Cornwall, and the great tribe who have written so admirably about Lamb, and hardly a seventh of the book, as it now stands, would remain unscored. "I quote a little," says Mr. Lucas now and again, until a little becomes an overwhelming lot. The virtue lies in the arrangement. Every little bit of evidence is made to tell its story. The setting is itself evidence of beautiful workmanship—"fundamental brain-

* "The Life of Charles Lamb." By E. V. Lucas. In two volumes, with fifty illustrations. Vol. I., 1775-1817. Vol. II., 1818-1834. With Supplement and Index. 21s. net. (Methuen.)

Villa Diodati, Lake Geneva, where Byron lived, 1816.

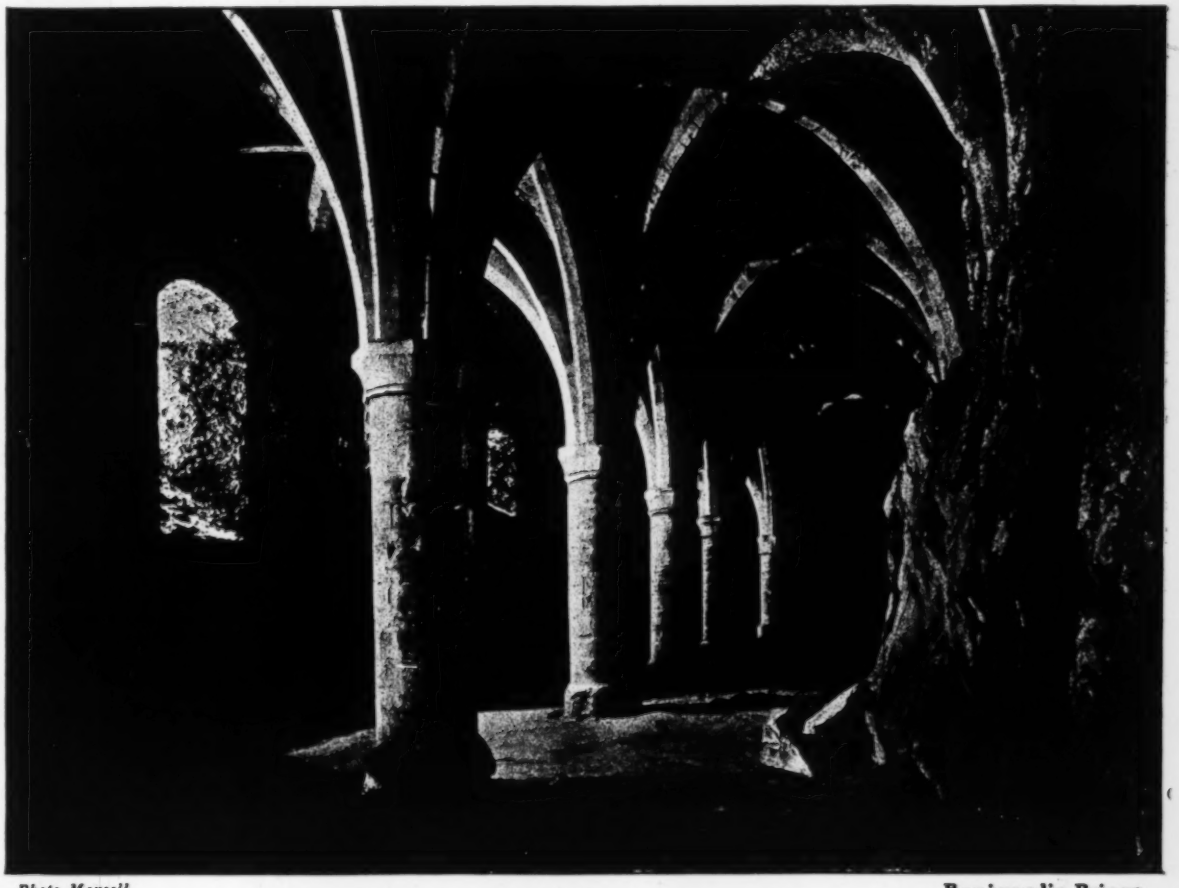


Photo Mansell.

Bonivard's Prison.

"There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old."—"The Prisoner of Chillon."

work." It may be that the present work will eventually stand in the position of a half-way house between the "Letters" and the final "Life." In the meantime it is invaluable as a treasure house, rich with the precious stones of Carolingian wit and the curious personalities of a circle almost unrivalled in eccentricity since the world began. Lamb's books—old, dirty, crabbed and cobbled—were of as singular an assortment as his friends. Few of them were lettered on the backs; but when asked how he knew them one from another, he broke out nobly, "How does a shepherd know his sheep?" Mr. Lucas has etched a number of these extraordinary figures, such as Geo. Dyer, Fenwick, G. Burnett, Randal Norris, Martin Burney, in a highly artistic manner, and it is material to the central portrait that they should be grouped in this way. That they were unfortunate and eccentric constituted a sort of claim upon Lamb's sympathy.

There never was a man, perhaps—certainly not a man of letters—who kept so resolutely to his own class as Lamb. He was always resolutely himself, and confined his ideas to his own standard. The perturbing element of class-distinction, so ubiquitous in England, was a thing to him apparently unknown; hence a style from which that twin brother of great prose, a genteel pose, is absolutely excluded, and in its place, *ecce!* the undiluted Charles Lamb. In these pages we can live, as it were, for two or three days exclusively with Lamb, and the one strong impression we derive from a week-end in his company is that his manners are perfect. In every lineament is a frank honesty of intention that nothing can obscure or deflect. Such natural grace and charm of manner had never been manifested to us. There was no room in this open nature for the petty triumphs of artifice. Lamb never acted—or if he ever did, it was not to impress himself upon his company, but to amuse the girls at Goddard House School. Nothing is fresher here than the account of Lamb's jokes with these lively young girls, "old Gruborum" and "Old Bogey" (the big cask). As a critic (as everyone knows) Lamb "irradiates"; he emits a beam, single and fine as a hair, rich in colour, invaluable to follow; but he is more affected here by time and place than in his more original work as letter-writer and essayist. His over-affection for the seventeenth century was the result of a chronological accident, and the same may perhaps be said of his preference for James Montgomery, Bernard Barton, and Barry Cornwall over Byron, Shelley, and Scott. Mr. Lucas perhaps inclines to overrate the universality of his æsthetic taste, which was never within a league of the catholicity of Hazlitt's; so too, perhaps, he goes to the remote extreme from Canon Ainger in regard to Lamb's religious sentiments. That Lamb was even abnormally sensitive to the beauty of the central idea of the teaching of Christ—namely, the Fatherhood of God—is implicit, it seems to us, in the tone of his references to religion; that he had no orthodox theology is, of course, obvious enough, but of an ethical philosophy *as apart from* a central religious idea we believe that he had distinctly less. As to the misunderstanding of Lamb by Carlyle, we are inclined to think that Mr. Lucas is too explicit; some of his remarks are well deserved, but is it not a probable explanation that the sage when he wrote was just suffocated with exasperation at some unhappy frankness, followed up by some exceptionally happy pun, on the part of his quizzical and serious-visaged host. The sweet, silvery smile Lamb reserved for the humour of others; his own wit, like Hood's, wore a solemn countenance. We should have liked some later testimony from Hazlitt. Mr. Lucas suggests he was never at Enfield, but this hardly seems to agree with Thomas Westwood's implication that he saw his keen, aggressive, and epigrammatic eyes in the cottage sitting-room (ii. 189). There is an undefinable quality of sadness about the last five years of Lamb's life. The sadness is unmitigated here. The book concludes with the tombstone in Edmonton Churchyard. It is impressive.

But mortality is frail, and by the graveside of a fellow of such "infinite jest," we should have been glad of some reconstructive remarks, and a few suggestions, it may be, as to the range of Lamb's posthumous influence. No one could be better qualified to give us this than Mr. Lucas. But, instead of this, we have a supplement of matter into which we venture to predict that extremely few inroads will be made. Humble as was the frame of mind in which we perused the last chapter of a life essentially so noble, we must admit that we felt unequal to a perusal of the entire Poems of the worthy John Lamb, a kennel of pure-bred doggrel, to which the penitential psalms themselves would be infinitely preferable. Grateful as we are for all that Mr. Lucas has done for us—and who else could have done this thing?—we should have liked, are still hankering after, a little more of personal estimate. A perfect equilibrium is a pretty thing, but it savours too much of pure science and the last judgment. We are erring and fallible mortals. We like our demonstrator to display a little temper, even at the risk of violence to a stray fact or two. Mr. Lucas might appear to have got to that stage of saturation in Lamb at which the least splash or bubble seems needless waste of energy. He knows a little too much, it may be. "I saw nothing of Ali Baba and Hassan the *second time* I came to Smyrna," says Thackeray, in one of the most delightful of all travel books. Upon the reader of the hour it is possible that the immediate effect will be an impression that the material is not quite sufficiently fused. On the other hand, we have a storehouse of material which is likely to outlive immediate needs and to prove a veritable Pactolus to a future generation. For this is work that has been done to last.

THE NEW ATLANTIS.*

In the early days of the Japanese renaissance an ardent reformer wrote from Tokio to the late Professor Max Müller, asking whether he could suggest a national religion for Japan. Max Müller's reply was brief, but sympathetic—"Try Buddhism. If that does not answer, apply again." Scarcely less heroic than the prescription of a novel creed for a nation is Mr. Sennett's scheme for counteracting the congestion and undoing the ugliness of our great cities. With his aim everybody must sympathise; about its feasibility there will be some divergence of opinion.

"In Garden Cities," he explains, "every house will be surrounded by a garden, the streets will be avenues delimited not by brick and mortar, but bordered by shade-giving trees, margined by widely-detached villas. The man of affairs will be able to reach his works or office a-foot if he will. His walk will be through a succession of gardens carefully tended like his own; his street will possess the quietude of the country; he will be exhilarated on his walk by the freshness of the air, charmed by the freshness of floral perfume, and cheered by the songs of birds. Can anyone fail to appreciate the prepollence of all this upon health?"

Nobody, we dare affirm, will reply in the negative to this question. How to realise these Arcadian conditions is set forth in nearly fourteen hundred pages, generously illustrated, but containing a good deal of divergence into politics and sociology which detracts from the practical aspect of the work. Mr. Sennett is an engineer. Many of those who would eagerly follow his doctrine in architecture and sanitation will wish that he had arranged the rest of his treatise for a separate book. It had been better also for his readers had he written plainer English. Such terms as "prepollence" and "prepollent," occurring at frequent intervals, are the reverse of prepossessing. Quotations from poetry are out of place in a practical treatise on building; and why does the author, after giving the trite *Naturam expellas furcâ*, explain in brackets that *furcâ* means a club? which it certainly does not.

It is set forth *in limine* that "man is a colligative, a phalanxive being, and urban life attracts him;" which is a familiar phenomenon expressed in Mr. Sennett's peculiar phraseology. Obviously some check must be put upon this gregarious tendency if every house is to stand within its own garden, else the "man of affairs" will have a desperately long walk to the works. The Hertfordshire Garden City, therefore, "will only accommodate, as a maximum, some 5,000 factory operatives, of whom, perhaps, some 3,000 will be men." We are not informed how employment is to be made secure against the ordinary fluctuation in trade, what the manufacturers are to do if increase in business causes them to require more than 5,000 hands, and how the artisans are to pay their rent if bad trade throws them out of work.

For Mr. Sennett's plan is not socialist, but sociable. "It takes no great prophetic prescience to foretell that if ultra-democratic principles are to obtain, the scheme is doomed to

* "Garden Cities in Theory and Practice." By A. R. Sennett. 2 vols. 21s. net. (Bemrose and Sons, Ltd.)

From the Painting by J. M. Turner, R.A.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

From the Painting by R. Wheelwright.

Mazeppa.

(Reproduced from a photo by Messrs. Henry Dixon and Son, by kind permission of the artist.)

Lord Byron.

After the Painting by Count D'Orsay.

Lord Byron, 1823.

From a Sketch by Count D'Orsay.

Lord Byron at Cambridge.

From a Sketch by Gilchrist.

Lord Byron, 1813.

After the Painting by Thomas Phillips, R.A.

dismal failure: no health conditions can save it, no architectural beauties could render tolerable life in a newly-constituted community in which the sound of socialistic shriekings would be ever present." No trades-unionist need apply; several pages are devoted to denouncing "the baleful influence of disaffection-imparting unionism." But, though not socialist, how sociable is the author's scheme let the following passage testify, though it is not easy to follow the sense without the accompanying plan.

"Let us take such a case as that of neighbours J., K., L., M., all desiring to keep horses. . . Economy may be effected by the joint occupation by them of a quadruplex set of stables erected upon *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*. To bring things up to date, let us assume the four next neighbours to be a jovial fraternity of motorists. What could be more convenient and economical than that their inanimate steeds should be housed in a quadruplex motor-house erected upon the square enclosed by the domains of their four respective owners, such quadruplex garage containing a small workshop and set of tools common to the quartet [*sic*] of *automobolists?*"

We fear that more than equality of means and taste is implied in this "jovial fraternity"; there have been left out of account the centripetal tendency of near neighbourhood and the friction of daily intercourse. Chauffeurs have not proved themselves impeccable as yet; the risk of combustion, quite serious enough in a single garage, would be quadrupled in a quadruplex one.

It is an ungracious office to pick holes in any philanthropic scheme, nor would it be worth anybody's pains to do so in this one, were it not, as we understand, that the public are to be invited to invest in Garden City Companies as remunerative concerns.

"The proposals are," writes Mr. Sennett, "that the entire revenue is to be derived from 'rate-rents,' and these, it is estimated, will be sufficient to fulfil the following requirements:—

"(*a*) To pay the interest on the money with which the estate is purchased.

"(*b*) To provide a sinking fund for the purpose of paying off the principal.

"(*c*) To construct and maintain all such works as are usually constructed and maintained by municipal and other local authorities out of rates compulsorily levied."

We feel bound, therefore, in examining the scheme, to take into account ordinary considerations of cost, of space, of human nature. Even assuming that tenants will be forthcoming for every tenement, and that their character and circumstances will ensure punctual payment of the "rate-rent" (*i.e.*, "rent as usually understood *plus* the various rates as levied by the local authorities"), what guarantee can be had that the trustees, who are to act in place of the ordinary Municipal Council or other local authority, will not spend more than the rate-rent was calculated to meet? If they do exceed their calculated expenditure, they cannot raise the rates, which are incorporated with the rents as fixed during the currency of the leases; and the scale and style upon which the Garden City is designed imply indefinite expansion of rates.

The way out of this difficulty of cost has yet to be shown. Now as to that arising from average human nature. A chief feature in the Garden City will be the garden attached to every dwelling in proportion to its size. It is not explained how the cultivation and adornment of these gardens is to be enforced. It is not long since we took a tramcar in St. Stephen's Green, and were carried some two or three miles in a northerly direction to the famous Botanical Gardens of Glasnevin, whose floral and silvan wealth testify to the generosity of Irish soil and climate. Immediately upon leaving the business part of Dublin, we entered what appears to have been planned as a garden city. Houses, inhabited by middle and lower middle-class tenants, many of them lodging-houses, line the streets, each furnished with ample forecourts, intended for gardens. Leaving behind the region of denser population, villas, detached and semi-detached, stand upon either hand, with garden ground in liberal proportion to their scale. Yet, whether in town or suburbs, it is the rarest thing to see any effort at cultivation, much less of floral adornment, in these plots. At most, the grass is neatly mown; at worst, it is rank and full of weeds; and there are few more dismal prospects than an ill-kept lawn. Mr. Sennett's citizens must be elect, if he is to have no trouble with them in this matter.

How little account the author takes of the limitations of human foresight is shown in his treatise on building material (Vol. I., p. 267). He denounces the common porous bricks because they absorb rain, and prescribes facing with glazed bricks, which cost three times as much as the other. This would increase the cost of a moderate-sized villa by £256.

"Consequently the increase of rental due to interest at 5 per cent. would be, say, £13. But then, as a set off against this, it may be said that we have reduced the cost of upkeep and redecoration to nil, because the very rain which, under ordinary circumstances, gives rise to the trouble would in this case play the part of decorator."

It is conceivable that one building a house for himself would admit this reasoning and act accordingly; but we have here to deal with the case of a company erecting houses, and relying for its solvency on finding tenants ready to pay a rent representing 5 per cent. interest on capital. The very first consideration which a householder keeps in view is the rent. Mr. Sennett passes very lightly over the question of rent and finance, but devotes much space to imaginary scenes in the Garden City when it shall have been set going. We confess that his style, though fervid as becomes a reformer, is the reverse of convincing. We will permit ourselves one last extract.

"May I presume to ask leave of my lady-readers to accompany them for a few minutes' shopping in this city of novel design? My excuse is that special arrangements have been made for their comfort in this regard. How often one meets ladies who 'love shopping'! but, despite this, is not *Pluvius* in our own country most ungallant to our fair sisters, mothers and *fiancées*, and ought not we men—albeit not so enamoured of the pastime—to bestir ourselves and do something to counteract the ill-humour of the besprinkling deity? . . . . It is 10.30 a.m.—pouring in torrents *as usual*—the electric carriage has just returned from taking her husband to his works. The carriage—closed—is standing 'in the dry' beneath the *porte cochère* of her house. Proceeding up the Grand Promenade, the coachman, horseless and whipless, drives rapidly to the Agora, entering the vegetable market by its western archway, and, bringing his *landaulette* to a standstill under its broad and lofty roof of glass, and immediately in front of the stall she is in the habit of choosing her fresh vegetables from. Greeting the good old lady who presides, and who, it should be mentioned, is equally comfortable, for her stall—heaped with fresh vegetables reared upon the *market-garden fringe* [of the city], and brought hither just before by the market-gardener's co-operative motor-waggon—is situated at the back-door of her dwelling, my companion, without alighting from her carriage, chooses——"

But we really must spare readers the pages of twaddle which follow, enough to impart an air of unreality to the whole treatise. For here the author is dealing with fashionable folk, and he might as well attempt to turn the Thames into the sea at Brighton as to prescribe a current to fashion.

To ensure steadiness of employment, upon which the payment of rent-rate depends and the solvency of the city hinges, Mr. Sennett advocates tariff reform for the encouragement of local industry. It is curious, therefore, to find him, in another place, urging the adoption of a bricklaying machine, which, at a cost of 16s. 8d. a day, does the work of six men at 6s. 8d. each, or £2 a day. It might be poor consolation to the bricklayers supplanted by this machine that it "would provide them with dwellings at lower rentals." However, we are assured by the author that "machinery is prepollent to expand employment and to increase wages."

We must not be less than just to Mr. Sennett. He has spared no pains to set before his readers an immense amount of useful suggestion for the better construction of houses and laying out of towns and villages. All the resources of modern science are to be applied to the humblest dwelling in the Garden City; the kitchen is to be on the top storey; cooking is to be done by electricity; the roof is to be of concrete, with a garden on the top. But he always evades the inconvenient question of capital outlay. For instance, none may gainsay the advantage of concrete floors and roofs over those of wood and slates respectively; but apart from the relative dearness of concrete compared with the other materials, would not the whole fabric require to be far more substantial, and therefore more costly, in order to carry the enormous increase in weight? If this consideration is dealt with at all, we have overlooked it among the 1,400 pages of these volumes, and the index affords no indication of its presence. One is driven towards the conclusion that, if Mr. Sennett's dream is to be realised in its entirety, it must be by the action of a syndicate of affluent philanthropists like Mr. W. H. Lever, who, we are informed, has created the ideal village of Port Sunlight at an expenditure of £350,000, "no interest

or other monetary return whatever being available from this large and dormant sum."

Despite the defects of which we have felt bound to take note in perusing Mr. Sennett's treatise, despite its exorbitant length and frequent irrelevancy, it must rank as an important contribution to the literature, already abundant, upon a subject of urgent importance. It contains a great deal which the ordinary householder, the municipal councillor, and the philanthropist may study with interest and perhaps with profit.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

SHAKESPEARE'S CHRISTMAS.*

The story which gives its title to Mr. Quiller Couch's new volume arrests by its daring, and cannot fail to charm by its skill. In many quarters it is likely to be viewed with some suspicion. The novelist who introduces the great names of political or of literary history must ever take his courage in both hands, and excepting Scott—and he, too, only sometimes, as in "The Fortunes of Nigel"—we can recall no author whose achievement in this kind has entirely eluded hostile criticism. And very few have ever dared to lay hands on Shakespeare. The closest parallel to Mr. Quiller Couch's attempt is probably the clever *tour de force*, entitled "Shakespeare's Funeral," by that brilliant man of letters and arms, the late Sir Edward Hamley. For success in such an undertaking as this many qualities are requisite beyond the mere craft of story-telling. It requires sound scholarship to guide the author in the work of historical reconstruction; it also requires a scholar's knowledge of and instinctive feeling for the value of words. The whole performance is indeed necessarily something of an acrobatic feat, and our enjoyment is a little dashed with misgiving lest the artist should overbalance and fall into anachronism. It is needless to say that of living writers no one excels Mr. Quiller Couch in the necessary qualifications for the enterprise. We have a slight suspicion that "Shakespeare's Christmas" was undertaken in a vein of paradox. Amused by the futilities of Shakespearian biography, Mr. Quiller Couch, we imagine, resolved to try what light fiction could throw on the subject. There need be no hesitation in saying that in respect both of entertainment and of illumination he beats most of the biographers. The central figure in the story is Shakespeare's father. But the character of the poet himself is limned with exquisite humour and delicacy. Only "Q" could have drawn the delightful picture of the dismay of the hero-worshipper who expected to hear Shakespeare speak in blank verse, and heard him discussing land values. In a wonderfully vivid and convincing picture of the dark side of Bankside life, we are confronted with graver realities, and in a few sentences are made to understand the full significance of such tragedies as the lives of Greene and Marlowe.

The remaining stories in the book are concerned with Cornwall and Spain. As regards style it is "Q's" distinction that he has but one standard of literary workmanship. Partly no doubt because of its exceeding rarity at the present day, we confess that nothing in his writings delights us so much as his humour. This is always sparkling and unforced. The present volume contains work which in this respect is equal to "Q's" best. It is present in "Shakespeare's Christmas," with a little alloy of sarcasm. But the pure metal will be found in rich abundance in "Ye Sexes Give Ear"—which tells how the heroines of Saltash beat the men in a boat race and were themselves captured by a press-gang—and in "Frenchman's Creek"—which narrates the deplorable plight of the irascible Admiral Bligh, of *Bounty* fame, who was captured while bathing, in the belief that he was a French spy. Both stories are delightfully written comedy.

A LEAP-YEAR OF SONNETS.†

A stately quarto—dignified, because non-artistic, cover—good paper—fine, large type—and a leap-year's supply of sonnets, each with a fair page to itself—how can they do it all for half a guinea? And then the really fine portrait thrown in, which, though not labelled, I take to represent the actual or the ideal sonneteer. Now, the problem I am asked to solve is Mr. Mifflin's claim to the title of "the greatest of American poets"—in other words, of the World-poets. Well, "*il en a l'encolure.*" The cloak is ever so much better than Tennyson's. It has beautiful frogs, and a very high fur or plush collar, from behind whose bastions the Poet suddenly turns to look down sharply and severely on the Lilliput critic, as with the usual rebuke: "So you object to line X. in Sonnet Y! Then let me tell you, Sir, that that line is the gem of the book." And the hair, though less superfluous than that of Browning or our late Laureate, is as naturally and aggressively untidy—to my mind an infallible sign. Indeed, my misgivings as to a certain now idolised poet, whom I dare not name, are confirmed by his shameless gloss. Great poets never use bear's grease, but only ambrosia, which, being of a nature highly spiritual, spirituous and alcoholic, has a desiccating and fluffy effect. This is no jest, but scientific truth. The born professional Sonneteer will always be found to feature and dress the part without overdoing it, and so I augur that these can be the sonnets of no giddy trifler—and I tremble.

The "leap-year" is only my own guess or discovery; the author does not allude to his tale of 366 sonnets. But one can fancy how, having selected his Year's Garland, he wanted to squeeze in just one more favourite. But, alas, which of the other 365 favourites to reject? Then came the happy thought—what will the ladies say if in leap-year they exhaust the supply and must pass the sad, solemn last day of the year sonnetless? So we infer that Mr. Mifflin means us to take the sonnets like blue-pill, one at bed-time, with our prosaic morning paper for the black draught. And a very good plan too! Herein lies the agony of sonnet-reviewing. If you would kindly wait twelve months and a day for me to go through the course, I should no doubt criticise with perspicacity and enthusiasm; but a whole medicine chest in one dose! *O dura ilia struthionum!* Doubtless there be those who could gulp down the whole book in an evening, and leave time for a Chamberlain speech or two, nor would they lack strong and beautiful adjectives to express their admiration at the next dinner-party. But to digest sonnets properly needs time and long intervals of rest. After the first dozen the impression keeps growing with cumulative force that the Poet is repeating himself and repeating other people; that it is all the old, old story over again; that the fate or nature of the Sonnet is to move in a vicious (or, at best, virtuous) circle; that, in short, by this time the game is pretty well played out and is no longer worth the candle—neither the classically fuliginous lamp of the Poet, nor the patent, improved incandescent burner of the Critic. All which may be, and indeed is, true, but none the less grossly unfair to any individual Sonneteer under review. So I shall not pretend to have done more than digest the Table of Titles, turn the leaves again and again, and study such sonnets as seemed to me most important or characteristic.

My general conclusion is that Mr. Mifflin's Sonnets are good sonnets and remarkably like other good sonnets—and what more can one say for a form so strictly conventional? To begin with, he has the skill of vast experience, having already put out at least ten volumes of poems, mostly, as I gather, sonnets. Three of the present collection are "from an unpublished sequence of sixty, entitled 'Wings of the Morning.'" Including misfits and prentice work, it is clear that Mr. Mifflin's sonnets are for number as the stars of heaven, and that somewhere or other he has now said all that ever has been said, or can be said with decency, about Sunsets, Clouds, Song-birds, Disappointments, Female Angels and Undesirables, Roses, and the other hundred and one sonnetic topics. His *forte* seems to be the Dawn, which he has at his finger-ends, and if asked for a new Before Sunrise Sequence could offer, like the enthusiasts of the Dock, to "do it on his head." Let his be the praise of skill, natural and acquired, in a somewhat conventional art and mystery.

Further, his zeal is as genuine as perfervid. He believes in the Sonnet as a vital part of the Universe—its laws are to him divine—he lives in it and for it. More than once he writes Sonnets on the Sonnet. An enthusiasm not only harmless, but laudable. It is sweet and right that all who can should write and publish sonnets. In Utopia nearly

* "Shakespeare's Christmas and Other Stories." By "Q." 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

† "Collected Sonnets." By Lloyd Mifflin. 10s. 6d. (H. Frowde.)

everybody does, but few have time to read any but their own. Hence in a well-ordered community, as, for example, the United States, the supply must vastly exceed the demand, and the merit of the Poet must not be judged by the number of his readers.

A few points have struck me as characteristic in this volume. It does not keep recalling any one Master or Model, but many; which argues the Poet's wide and catholic studies. Mr. Watson's capital trick of an occasional sesquipedalian negative word beginning with in— is well imitated. We are often recalled to the feet of Wordsworth by a sudden lapse into prose or even bathos, and this brazen audacity or innocent unconsciousness—one never can tell which to call it—is really Wordsworth's magic charm and secret. However, Mr. Mifflin has found it out, and practises it nearly as effectively. Then he sometimes puts in a really telling or beautiful Transatlantic touch, which no English poet would have thought of. I have not found much profound or original thought, and sometimes the general idea is too obvious, as, for instance, in "The Metropolis," which contains fine turns, as "canyons of brick," "caravels of song." But higher praise than this can there be none—Mr. Mifflin is never nasty and never wilfully obscure. Some of the sonnets are love poems, but there is no caterwauling. His tone is always refined and dignified—he has the conscience of his art. And if he may be said to do little more than shuffle the old cards again and again—what more is there to do? The result is in his case pleasing harmony, not crack-jaw obscurity and bogus mystery. His work is marked less by a few triumphs than by a high general level of beauty and reposeful dignitv, though now and then he sinks too far below it.

But is Mr. Mifflin a great poet? I cannot tell. He is certainly an accomplished and agreeable sonneteer of the orthodox school. But could he tackle with equal skill and grace unfamiliar yet equally appealing subjects for a sonnet—say, Another Button Off—A Rise in Rio Tintos—A Bargain at Whiteley's—or The Kitchen-chimney on Fire? Well, *Petrarch could*—never doubt it. I should like first to observe Mr. Mifflin in some freer and higher poetic flight, and to hear how "he can bumbast out a blank verse." This volume is a favourable symptom so far as it goes, but at present I can say no more than that the sonnets are good sonnets; but for him who owns them, he may have more faults than he knows for. Y. Y.

IN EXTREMIS.*

"What shall we do with our sons?" A variety of answers has been given—more or less despondent, all of them; but now there is a new profession which appears to be absolutely attractive. Let our sons write books on Russia. True, there are certain disadvantages; it is, one may say, needful to go there, and this involves some trouble and expense. There is some competition, too; but the field is a large one. Yes, a book on Russia—whether it be a novel like Seton Merriman's, or an essay-book like Dr. Dillon's famous "Russian Characteristics," or a work of exalted imagination like "My Official Wife," or a book on the war like Lord Brooke's—one or other of these branches of the tree of knowledge offers sustenance and the fairest prospect. Most of these books, you remark, are written from that point of view which is not popular at the Winter Palace; therefore the field is open for a melodrama or a tract with its hero a Grand Duke, a truly grand one, its villain a Professor resident, as most of them appear to be, in Switzerland or England. So much more instruction and amusement is to be obtained by reading what one's adversaries have to say—Liberals should always browse on Tory papers, just as a good many should read the *Sporting Times*.

Upon the cover of Lord Brooke's book, as upon that of Dr. Dillon's "Maxim Gorky," there is a representation of the Russian Imperial Arms, so that at the first glance one would not take these books to be on the side of the angels. But the double-headed eagle of Russia is, if nothing else, a decorative bird, and publishers to-day are nothing if not æsthetes. Otherwise an emblem of this kind would not, except for humorous reasons, have been placed upon the Gorky volume, and if Lord Brooke is more indulgent towards autocracy, he is not blind by any means. Books dealing with a series of battles are apt to be dull and morbidly statistical; therefore we look for sidelights, and in this book, happily, we get them. Our author travels through Siberia in springtime; through fields of lovely flowers he travels to the fields of blood. His first picture of Manchuria is Kharbin, its capital, the city of doubtful reputations—whence he proceeds, without reluctance, towards Mukden. It is interesting to read of Kharbin's fine and solid buildings at this moment, when the Russians at the Peace Congress reiterate that Manchuria is Chinese, and only temporarily in their possession. At Mukden "we were indifferent brave, I dare avow, but to tackle the dinner which the *chef* of the Peacock produced would have required the audacity of a Marshal Ney combined with the appetite of a Dugald Dalgetty." And what could be more delightful than that "the Hunhutzes have a regular office at Mukden, where intending travellers can learn the tariff for insurance against robbery, and, on payment of the requisite sum, receive from the brigand clerk in charge of the bureau a pass which will free them from molestation should his companions 'at the front' hold them up"? As Lord Brooke has occasion to mention the various Russian commanders, he gives us a rapid sketch of each, not, perhaps, as graphic as a sketch by Steevens, but, like the rest of the narrative, concise and clear and unaffected. The simple record of fact—if the fact be striking—is more effective than rhetoric, and when the writer tells about the Russian officers who were glad to borrow telescopes or glasses from the correspondents, as when he tells of the defective Intelligence Department, he puts quite plainly what convinces us. Apparently he does not speak Russian, so that his converse with the private would be limited, but, on the other hand, might gain admittance where he would, if speaking Russian, have been regarded with suspicion. His Montenigrin servant was, no doubt, quite as useful for being Slav as for his culinary prowess. It is, by the way, most picturesque to mingle with these various peoples. Mongols, commercial-minded Greeks, Manchurians, Cossacks, Montenigrins jostle each other through the pages of this book. It is not clear how the writer spoke to the Manchurians near An-shan-chan when he took refuge in their house, and they, after an examination of his person, were delighted to discover that he was English. But with a man so full of resource there would not be much difficulty. General Stackelberg, upon whom a great deal of adverse criticism has fallen, figures perhaps more frequently than any of his comrades in these pages. The Russian aristocrat, it is well known, is inclined, if he is not a brute (whose principal amusement during peace time is to fling champagne-bottles against a mirror, while in war time he is occasionally taken up with less creditable employments), to charm and to disarm the foreign critic. But there is nothing here to show that Stackelberg attempted thus to win over the correspondent, while the latter's explanations seem to make it clear that the General has been too severely criticised, both with regard to his intellectual qualities and his general conduct. It may be that his German descent (he is a member of a family inhabiting the north-western provinces) has gone against him; but on the other hand, there is Count Keller, with an equally Teutonic name and with unbounded popularity. For English readers Stackelberg is interesting on account of his relation to General Dunne, who went through the Crimea, led Garibaldi's English regiment, married a Stackelberg, and is still alive and splendid. There is a refreshing absence, in Lord Brooke's narrative, of Russian or Chinese words. So many chroniclers are of opinion that a plentiful sprinkling of such is good for local colour, whereas one is merely confused by them. Some, of course, are unavoidable, as there is no term into which they can be translated, and of these the word "kowliang" is prominent. It is a kind of millet, grass which rises to the height of ten feet, and which encumbers much of Manchuria. What surprises must have overtaken those who suddenly would find themselves among the enemy! And what surprises come upon the reader of this book who

* "An Eye-Witness in Manchuria." By Lord Brooke. 7s. 6d. (Nash.)
"The Russian Revolutionary Movement." By Konni Zilliacws. 7s. 6d. net. (Alston Rivers.)

started out with the idea that he would find a dreary tale!

"All the Russias" has a noble sound, but the provinces which are in fact under the Emperor (and very much under the autocracy) have not all of them a pride in it. For us it is easy to pick holes in Russia's constitution and their mode of government, but the difficulties of administering an empire without officials and with policemen only has to be realised. There is in Russia no adequate middle class—either you are a peasant or you think yourself an aristocrat. Therefore these alien provinces are governed by police, and from such men it is not reasonable to expect diplomacy. One of them—General Bobrikoff—was murdered not long ago in Helsingfors, the capital of an unhappy land. Surely the change which Nicholas has brought about there is deplorable. He found a land of thrifty peasants, wonderful material for his navy. They enjoyed a great measure of freedom, so that their forcible separation from Sweden did not rankle very deeply. Nicholas was false to his oath; he alienated all the Finns, and in this book, which is by one of them, we find a clear and comprehensive exposition of the means employed. A book of this kind must necessarily be written by a Russian subject, a member of the subject races; no other would possess the inner knowledge; and Mr. Zilliacws quotes sufficiently from good authorities and documents, so that we recognise the goodness of his case. He deals with the revolutionary movement as a whole, and everywhere his grasp and knowledge of the causes is not less complete than in the parts devoted to his native Finland. His case is a very strong one, but the binders of our copy make it no stronger by repeating pp. 305-319.

HENRY BERNARD.

THE "GLOBE" PEPYS.*

"We hardly grasp the fact," says his latest editor, "that it is only within the lifetime of many still with us that the evergreen reputation of Samuel Pepys was begun, that before Lord Braybrooke's quartos revealed the 'Diary' its author was little more than a name." It is certainly doubtful if many of the readers of this unique and delightful book have taken the pains to acquaint themselves with its remarkable history. And yet a curious chain of circumstance has brought it about that some knowledge of the history of its text is almost indispensable to the proper understanding of this immortal picture of the men and manners of the Restoration. To appreciate the value of a new edition of the work, such knowledge is wholly indispensable. In its absence the general reader is likely to labour under many mistaken notions. The "Diary" has, indeed, frequently been written of as the work of a mature observer, the elderly head of a great Government department. As a matter of fact, this brilliant record of ten years of crowded life—crowded with public work of splendid importance, with interests and friendships innumerable in a decade of unfading glamour, with the joys and rewards of a rare diligence and good-fortune, accepted with a complacent vanity and enjoyed with an unrivalled gusto for life—was begun by Samuel Pepys at the age of twenty-eight. Further, it is to be remembered that for rather more than a century and a half after the date of the first entry in the "Diary" its author was known only as a famous naval administrator. The work which is now regarded as a document of the first importance for the history of its time reposed till 1825 "in the handsome 'Bibliotheca Pepysiana' in the inner court of Magdalene." These facts it behoves every reader of the "Diary" to remember. There are others which it is not less incumbent on every serious student to know.

The history of Pepys' "Diary" is more curious than most pages of English bibliography. After the Rev. John Smith, an undergraduate of St. John's, had injured his "visual organs" and endured "frequent wakeful nights" in deciphering the MS., the text of the "Diary" was first given to the world by Lord Braybrooke in 1825. The fourth and fifth editions of this text, which are followed in this volume, with the incorporation of later corrections, appeared in 1854. Henceforth the history of the Pepysian text is a vexed question of sins of omission and commission. The Rev. Mynors Bright, making a fresh transcription of the MS., published a greatly enlarged version in 1875-79. This year has seen the completion of the reprint of Mr. Wheatley's still fuller edition of the "Diary." Of absolute completeness Mr. Wheatley holds out no hope. Everything possible has been given, he tells us; and he begs us "to have faith in the judgment of the editor."

While he does not (he could not) shirk the duty of criticising the reason and the conduct of the fray, it is very necessary to point out that by the Law of Copyright Mr. Gregory Smith, the accomplished editor of the "Globe" Pepys, was rendered a non-combatant in this battle between Bowdler and anti-Bowdler. Unreasonable as it may seem to all unacquainted with the vagaries of copyright law, Pepys' "Diary" in its fulness is not, and probably never will be, at the disposal of the publisher in search of "reprints." That is a matter that still rests with the University of Cambridge and Messrs. George Bell and Sons. By the courtesy of the latter, Mr. Gregory Smith has been enabled to give us the Braybrooke text *plus* the corrections of its later recensions. Beyond this he could not go, even had he wished to—and on this point he writes with refreshing courage and conviction. The recent history of the Pepys MS., as we have said, has been marked by an increasing completeness of the text. Apart altogether from the ethics of this question, it is only just to emphasise the fact that the "Globe" edition gives us all that it legally could. That it is of smaller bulk than its two predecessors will be to some readers a cause for complaint, to not a few a cause for joy. We can only honestly aver that with the text at his disposal Mr. Gregory Smith has acquitted himself in accordance with the most exacting requirements of modern scholarship. Mr. Gregory Smith has long ago won a favourable reputation as an editor. The industrious gleaner of editorial inaccuracies follows him in vain. His work is uniformly thorough and scholarly, and he has in remarkable measure the editorial genius for writing succinct and suggestive annotation and luminous and comprehensive introduction. It would be difficult to praise too highly the Introduction to this volume. It is a masterly *resumé* of the life and work of Pepys, and a valuable addition to the criticism of an English classic more easily admired than estimated. In a justly famous series this book will rank with the very best.

It remains to indicate Mr. Gregory Smith's opinion on the question of the whole Pepys and the abridged Pepys. He shows in no uncertain way that he does not chafe under the restrictions imposed on him by the necessity of copyright law. He contends in his brilliant introduction that the real Pepys is portrayed more fairly by the Braybrooke version than by its successors. That Pepys ever had an eye on posterity he refuses to admit, and he argues ingeniously that as time went on and the diarist grew older, he began to practise a reticence and a self-justification unknown in the earlier pages of his famous work. And with equal force he argues that the additions to the text of the "Diary" tend to give undue prominence to essentially unimportant details, and thereby distort the picture of an eminent public servant and a man of letters who needs to be protected against his own astonishing candour and want not only of reticence but of imagination. On this matter there necessarily will never be agreement. But most students of Pepys will admit that there is no pressing need of a further enlargement of the text since Holywell Street has ceased to be. What we do not know of Pepys' "Diary," we may take Mr. Wheatley's word for it, is only "curious" and "facetious" in the Holywell Street sense. Copyright or no copyright, such matters lay outside the province of the "Globe" Edition, which has now given us in the cheapest, most scholarly and handiest form all of Samuel Pepys that the student or the general reader need care to know.

RANGER.

* "The Diary of Samuel Pepys." With an Introduction and Notes by G. Gregory Smith. The Globe Edition. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan and Co.)

PROFESSOR BURY ON ST. PATRICK.*

We have had from Professor Zimmer a lively but unsubstantial new story of Ireland's Apostle, which scattered

* "The Life of St. Patrick and his Place in History." By J. B. Bury, Litt.D., Regius Professor of Modern History, Cambridge. 12s. net. (Macmillan.)

into Ossianic mist the achievements as well as the legends that make of him so picturesque a figure among Christian missionaries. Professor Zimmer was daring in attack, not by any means timid in hypothesis. Though he granted Patrick as once an actual Irish preacher, he confined the Saint's labours to south-eastern Ireland—Wicklow and its neighbourhood; refused him any large success, and read in his "Confessions" an acknowledgment of his failure, on the whole, to set up churches amid the heathen Gaels. This German raid into a very complicated problem is now four years old. We shall soon be studying the reply given to it, and already announced, from the pen of Dr. Healy, Archbishop of Tuam. It is a pretty safe guess that the Archbishop will stand by tradition, which represents Patrick as taking his commission in Rome from Pope Celestine, as converting the Island, creating an episcopal system with its primacy at Armagh, and lasting on to a great old age, like Moses or one of the Scripture patriarchs. The least likely of suppositions is that Archbishop Healy will yield an inch before Zimmer's rough riding. But can we get near the truth in this battle between critic and divine? That is the question.

Zimmer's article was altogether of the kind dear to Teutons. The Archbishop will, doubtless, write like a priest and an Irishman, holding to the romance which heightens the religious effect in our Patrician Legenda Aurea. But Professor Bury has bestowed on his grateful readers a Roman volume. He is not concerned to prove any thesis whatever. To him the expedition of Patrick is a chapter in the history of that wonderful Empire which, where its arms did not penetrate, conquered by Christian messengers. Patrick reminds him of other apostles who came out from Rome, such as Augustine, Boniface, Cyril, and Methodius, all pioneers of "the Roman idea." Consequently, the Professor's handling is that which befits a statesman rather than a churchman, and his pages might be interwoven with Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," which he has carefully edited. They belong to the central theme, apart from which modern history cannot be understood. We may term it the "Expansion of Rome."

By planting himself on this basis, the Professor is enabled to take large bearings, to escape the hole and corner disputes which have made of Patrician literature a weariness to the spirit, and to frame a sketch almost everywhere credible, without indulging more than need be in air-drawn deductions. His volume divides into parts which are nearly equal—a couple of hundred pages gives us the connected narrative, written with grace and lucidity, refreshing in its calm tone, and by touches of local colour admirably real; another two hundred discuss the documents, point by point, and furnish the Quellenkritik, or cross-examination of sources, indispensable for sound and lasting work. To those (and they are the many) who cannot stand such minute investigation, I would still recommend the legible text. It is quite worth while to fix in our minds a definite image, though not altogether complete, of one who, like St. Patrick, was exceedingly human, who underwent strange fortunes, did mighty works, and left a name that echoes in new continents after fourteen centuries. Professor Bury has given us assurance of the man—greater than as here depicted the Apostle may have been, less he certainly was not. His rudely-written "Confessions" are of great price; their piety, enthusiasm, tenderness, and under-current of melancholy, not betokening a life's purpose defeated, but much labour and longing, persuade us that the missionary was not so unlike ourselves. We may be sure that an heroic past furnishes their background.

This would not be the occasion to sift out from a mass of perplexed and debatable fragments the conclusions in particular at which Professor Bury arrives. But some general outline may be hinted. In his view, the Christian faith had probably been carried to the coasts and the south of Ireland during a period long enough before Patrick came to admit of small communities springing up, which, however, did not possess a bishop. That want Pope Celestine aimed at supplying, and he sent from Rome his deacon Palladius, who two years previously had interested himself in putting down the Pelagian doctrines among the Britons. Palladius cannot be separated from Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre, whose church looms up as a source of Irish Christianity, and whose successor, the Bishop Amator, afterwards consecrated Patrick. According to our Professor, Palladius reached Ireland in 431, founded certain churches in Wicklow, and died within the year. His enterprise was taken up by a recluse at Lerins, off the Riviera—a Briton from somewhere in the district bordering on the Severn Sea, who was born in 389, and would therefore be about forty-three years of age when he sought consecration at Auxerre. This was Patricius Magonius Sucatus, son of the Roman decurion and deacon, Calpurnius. As a lad of about sixteen he had been made captive by Irish freebooters, possibly not unassociated with King Niall of the Nine Hostages, who met his death during a piratical cruise in 405 near the Isle of Wight. Patrick's place of servitude was in the far west, not in Ulster, and the pilgrims who ascend Croagh Padraig tread almost in his footsteps. When he escaped, after six years, the boat which carried him made its way, not to Britain, but to Nantes or Bordeaux. Thence he journeyed to the monasteries which had been set up in the little isles now called St. Honorat and Ste. Marguerite, off the coast of Marseilles. He found himself among the generation that was agitated by disputes about grace and free will, that took sides with St. Augustine or his opponent, the Briton of Irish descent called Pelagius (Macnamara), and his missionary zeal was quickened by pity for the unbaptized. He could not have known Pope Celestine. On reaching Ireland he made friends with its tribal chiefs; and Loigaire, the High King of Meath, although he did not become a Christian, tolerated the new religion, all the more that his wife, a British princess, was very likely a believer. Patrick went to Rome after 440; received the solemn approbation of Pope Leo the Great; brought back relics for his altars, and established the see of Armagh. He had some share in the making of Loigaire's famous Code, the Senchus Mòr. His letter against Coroticus, the tyrant of what is now Dumbarton, must be accounted genuine; and he died in the vicinity of Saul—not at Downpatrick—in 461.

From these affirmations, all of which are not put forward with equal confidence, Professor Bury would infer so much as this:—"They tend to show that the Roman Catholic conception of St. Patrick's work is, generally, nearer to historical fact than the views of some anti-Papal divines." He brings out clearly the association, which was ever growing more intimate, of the Roman Empire with the Roman Church. And his description of St. Patrick's teaching, rites, and spiritual ways, though it does not liken him utterly to the Celtic pattern which we recognize in Columbanus or at Iona, demonstrates that he was in all things the Christian familiar to us from the fifth century elsewhere. Thus our volume is a happy blend of critical insight and constructive skill. It looks for no support from legends; it leaves the supernatural to be discussed on religious principles; and it restores the St. Patrick whom Zimmer had too ruthlessly sacrificed in his love of startling hypothesis.

William Barry.

ARISTO AND AMATEUR.*

It was a good idea to publish a volume of selections or *cbiter scripta*, as a contemporary would have it, from the six volumes of Byron's "Letters and Journals." It will put the owners of said six volumes into a happy humour with themselves to think that they possess such a fine reservoir of wit and sarcasm; it will make the rest of mankind wish to possess them, while all the world will agree that the editor, Mr. Bettany, has drawn up his buckets with no little skill and judgment. We do not think personally that a volume of selections from Byron's published letters needs quite such an elaborate portico as the editor has prepared for it in the way of introduction. Perhaps this was done with the intention of drawing the guileless reviewer. The *mot propre* on such an occasion would not in our opinion have exceeded a two-page preface. But Mr. Bettany has followed the bad example of the present day, and has bestowed his attention upon the book at the wrong end. What they gain at one end, as his favourite Dr. Johnson remarked, they lose at the other. A good index to these Pensées of Byron would be

* "The Confessions of Lord Byron." A Collection of his Private Opinions of Men and of Matters taken from the new and enlarged edition of his Letters and Journals. Arranged by W. A. Lewis Bettany. 10s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

most useful. Instead of this, we have an elaborate Introduction.

Remarkable genius though Byron was, the most distinctive feature about all his work (as of Chesterfield's and Walpole's) is that every line of it is the product of a peer of the realm. Byron was acutely conscious of the fact that he was one of that restricted class among whom funded wealth has evolved a distinctive code of manners and to whom the manners of all other classes, especially those most nearly contiguous with their own, are a perpetual source of subdued amusement. Caste feeling created the strange bond between two beings so dissimilar as Byron and Shelley. No man had less snobbishness than Shelley, yet Shelley himself could not help smiling at Byron's tirades about the "Keats and Kangaroo *terra incognita*" to which Leigh Hunt and most of their common literary friends belonged. Now there is something exquisitely incongruous about a peer of Great Britain writing poetry. If he must write, History is obviously his proper sphere—but Poetry! One can almost as easily conceive a policeman giving vent to effusions of lyrical verse and carolling upon his beat. That a peer of the realm should be sensible of any emotion in regard to poetry and poets but that of a fine contempt was a paradoxical notion among the Venetian oligarchy which had succeeded the Renaissance nobility of Tudor and early Stuart days. Byron was thoroughly conscious of these obligations of rank from the very first. Thus as early as 1806 we find him writing to his mother: "Improvement at an English University to a *Man of Rank* is, you know, impossible, and the very idea *ridiculous*." His tone is indistinguishable from that of "Pelham." "I bloomed for two years in the blue and silver of a fellow commoner of Trinity. At the end of that time (being of royal descent) I became entitled to an honorary degree. I suppose the term is in contradistinction to an honorable degree, which is obtained by pale men in spectacles and cotton stockings, after thirty-six months of intense application." Instinctively he sympathised with men like Chesterfield and Walpole, who are inclined to regard a poet as a kind of specially gifted marmoset. There is evidence of this on almost every page of these selections. "In general I do not draw well with literary men; not that I dislike them, but I never know what to say to them when I have praised their last publication."

Scribbling appeared to him as a kind of semi-beneficent disease—"You will find him scribbling if well, and well if scribbling." He could scarcely dissociate poetry from patronage, strong waters, and hypertrophy, not of brain, but of a weak, emotional sensibility. They wanted experience of London and the world to take the conceit out of them. For his part he hated the literary class—the regulars—and the only followers of that camp he really liked were men such as Scott, Gifford, and Moore, who had "nothing of the garrison about their manners." "I'll not march through Coventry with the scribblers, that's flat."

His choice of authors, masculine and conservative in the extreme, points to his consistency of feeling. His favourites were Shakespeare, Cervantes, Ariosto, Æschylus, Boswell's Johnson, Pope, Goldsmith, and Scott. Pope and Scott were to him what Dryden and Burke were to Dr. Johnson. Any depreciation of the musical quality of "the little nightingale of Twickenham" was to him as a red rag to a bull. The feminine *litterateur* of his day he could not stand at any price. He reproves the serious critic of Lady Morgan. "You should recollect that she is a woman; to be sure they are, now and then, very provoking; still as authoresses they can do no very great harm." Of Lady Hester Stanhope he is even more contemptuous, and hardly less so of "Madam Stale," though he admits that "there are fine passages," adding memorably, "and after all what is a work—any or every work—but a desert with fountains, and perhaps a grove or two, every day's journey."

The *physical force* of his phrasing and the masculinity of Byron's taste is shown in nothing more though than in his descriptions of "Old Sherry." They have become classical, and their united force will ever, we trust, outweigh the strenuous attempts of the dramatist's titled connections to array the most spendthrift of wits in a smooth stovepipe and white choker.

'Lord Holland told me a curious piece of sentimentality in Sheridan. The other night we were all delivering our respective and various opinions on him and other *hommes marquans*, and mine was this: "Whatever Sheridan has done or chosen to do has been, *par excellence*, always the *best* of its kind. He has written the best comedy ('School for Scandal'), the best drama (in my mind, far before that St. Giles's lampoon, 'The Beggar's Opera'), the best farce ('The Critic'—it is only too good for a farce), and the best address (Monologue on Garrick), and, to crown all, delivered the very best oration (the famous Begum Speech) ever conceived or heard in this country." . . .

'Somebody told S. this the next day, and on hearing it he burst into tears. "Poor Brinsley! . . . Kinnaird and I had to conduct Sheridan down a damned corkscrew staircase, which had certainly been constructed before the discovery of fermented liquors, and to which no legs, however crooked, could possibly accommodate themselves. We deposited him safe at home, where his man, evidently used to the business, waited to receive him in the hall. Both he and Colman were, as usual, very good; but I carried away much wine, and the wine had previously carried away my memory, so that all was hiccup and happiness for the last hour or so, and I am not impregnated with any of the conversation. Perhaps you heard of a late answer of Sheridan to the watchman who found him bereft of that 'divine particle of air' called reason. . . . He, the watchman, who found Sherry in the street, fuddled and bewildered, and almost insensible: 'Who are you, sir?' No answer. 'What's your name?' A hiccup. 'What's your name?' Answer (in a slow, deliberate, and impassive tone), 'Wilberforce!' Is not that Sherry all over?—and, to my mind, excellent. Poor fellow, *his* very dregs are better than the 'first sprightly runnings' of others. . . . I have met George Colman occasionally, and thought him extremely pleasant and convivial. Sheridan's humour, or rather wit, was always saturnine and sometimes savage; he never laughed (at least that *I* saw, and I watched him), but Colman did. I have got very drunk with them both; but, if I had to *choose* and could not have both at a time, I should say, 'Let me begin the evening with Sheridan and finish it with Colman.' Sheridan for dinner—Colman for supper.'" . . .'

But now, to round off the thesis with which we began. The consequence of this resolution of Byron's to maintain his rank, to avoid professional authorship, to keep out of the regular service, and to retain the semblance of being an "aristo" and a man of action ("Action, action, action!" he declaims) even in exile, was that he just escaped being a star of the very first magnitude in English Letters. With talent and indeed genius of the highest order, he is and will remain the first and most gifted of our amateurs—just this and no more! His devotion to poetry was insufficient. He dissembled, it is true, and worked at it much harder than he would have had people imagine. Yet he had not the true humility of the votary who discerns in Poetry the Mistress of all the Arts, from whose jealous hands nothing less than the exclusive consecration of a man's whole best can elicit the choice gifts of the Muse.

On the other hand, Scott's example in Prose came too late. If he surpassed in Letters at all, the Right Hon. George Gordon Lord Byron could not condescend to excel in anything less than the highest branch thereof. The result was that he never concentrated himself fully upon any prose work—though it is almost certain that if he had he might have given us an English prose classic of Time's own Order of Merit.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

ARCHBISHOP LAUD.*

It is not easy correctly to classify Mr. Bell's book. At first sight it purports to be a historical study of Archbishop Laud's career, a return to the various verdicts of his own generation on a great figure almost exclusively based on Laud's "own letters, memoirs," and that "incomparable diary" whose perusal furnished Macaulay with one of his most scathing and astonishing judgments. But the title, the brief Introduction and the final chapter, very clearly show that though, for four-fifths of the book, we are asked to stand in the comparatively serene air of pure history, the real object of the author is to throw a searchlight on the writing on the wall. For in these pages we are invited to reflect on Laud—the real Laud as Mr. Bell has shown him—"at a

* "Archbishop Laud and Priestly Government." By H. Bell. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable and Co.)

time when clericalism is again in the ascendant," and then to plunge (pp. 304 to the end) into a perfect maelstrom of ecclesiastical and theological controversies—the organisation of the primitive Church, the origin of episcopacy, the evils of government by bishops, the Scottish and Irish Churches, the rubrics of the First and Second Prayer-Books, the abuses of patronage, to pass, in fact, from Dr. Hatch's Bampton Lectures through Bacon to the "Encyclopædia Biblica" and the wails of the present Bishop of London in the columns of the *Times* on the "maddening" predominance of women in modern congregations. Now, these and kindred topics touched on in the epilogue are large, complicated, and interesting problems, and it would be impertinent even to hint that the writer of this book is not entitled or competent to discuss them, but I may be so bold perhaps as to suggest that their connection with a detailed historical study is not very apparent, and that their very complexity and magnitude, as well as their present importance, forbid their being satisfactorily treated in thirty pages. Dr. Hatch's Bampton Lectures, masterly as they were, were not the last word on the tremendous problems with which they dealt; and as for the "Encyclopædia Biblica," some of Mr. Bell's critics would say bluntly, with Falstaff, that "they like not the security." Some might even naughtily remark that Mr. Bell's trenchancy in solving the insoluble has caught too much of the true High Commission flavour, and that the presentation of his views reminds unnecessarily of how the *ex-officio* oath was thrust on the recalcitrant, a method of disposing of opponents, as Mr. Bell aptly says, "repugnant to the rules of the common law and the principles of natural equity." I cannot but think that Mr. Bell has made a mistake. If his object was to examine and expose the origin, growth, and evils of clericalism from Laud to Newman and Dr. Ingram, then it would have been better to write a book, perhaps an "Encyclopædia Biblica," but certainly not a short essay, and, as Stevenson might have said, "Golly! what a book it would be!" but if he simply intended to present us with a historical study of the real Laud, then the moral and the moralisings had better have been left to the reader, and for two reasons. Not even Prynne or "Jenny Geddes" could argue that Laud is responsible for all the shortcomings in the English Church to-day; and secondly, it does not prepossess the candid reader favourably when a historical writer so boldly proclaims in prologue and epilogue the controversial use he intends to make of his researches. Historical biography is not a *tendenzschrift*, and earnest historians who proceed to the archives proposing to find certain things in them, seldom fail to do so. And this was surely the danger that our greatest master of the seventeenth century, Mr. S. R. Gardiner, was always warning us against, particularly for the age of Laud and Strafford, which he knew as they will never be known again.

Mr. Bell's attempt to combine the pamphlet and the biography is to be regretted the more because the historical four-fifths of his book show that he is genuinely interested in historical questions, has taken no small pains to study the materials, and can reproduce the results in an eminently clear and readable narrative. That the portrait drawn is not favourable, is a matter on which Mr. Bell is fully entitled to be heard. He does not err against the truth assuredly in repeatedly drawing attention with chapter and verse to many features of and transactions in Laud's career which his apologists have failed to explain away, or, if they are dexterous controversialists, conveniently omit. Time, too, has decided the question of his statesmanship. Even those who stand in the same ecclesiastical camp as the Archbishop, and hold that Laud fought for the truth and saved the true Anglican Church for to-day, are obliged to admit that as a politician he was a failure. It is not necessary to multiply instances. Scotland is a sufficient test. A politician who, with his eyes open, proposed to impose on Scotland by the royal prerogative a service-book, which was English, episcopal, and emanated from Canterbury, has more than earned King James' pregnant criticism, "He knew not the stomach of that people." Statesmen in the seventeenth century who did not diagnose the stomachs of the people whom they would govern, seldom escaped a terrible lesson. And Laud apparently was as ignorant of Scotland as he was of the England of Hyde and Falkland, Pym, Prynne, Hampden, Manchester and Cromwell. Mr. Bell has therefore an easy task in pointing out seriatim Laud's mistakes, in remarshalling the evidence for the broad conclusion that he allied an unpopular ecclesiastical creed and policy to an equally unpopular constitutional creed and political policy, and the story loses nothing in his retelling. We could wish perhaps that the biographer infused a little more sympathy into his vigour. Of Laud's learning and services to learning we hear practically nothing, of his indomitable courage, his devotion to his royal master and his Church not enough. His work as President of St. John's College, as Chancellor of the University of Oxford (the Laudian statutes, after all, proved a lasting bit of work), even the famous doorway to the University church, are dismissed in a sentence or two or omitted altogether. And the reason, perhaps, is not far to seek.

Can a true picture of a great man, struggling in an epoch of shifting and contradictory theories of government and ideals of life, ever be drawn only from that man's letters, State-papers, speeches, and diary? Will not the attempt simply result in a profile without a background in which the "values" must necessarily be all wrong? Mr. Bell would have strengthened a trenchant piece of work had he explained more fully, first, why Laud wanted to do what he did; and, secondly, the close causal relation of his policy, methods, and ideals to the problems of his age and the inheritance of principles of government that were not of his making. We owe to the infinite learning, patience, and impartiality of Gardiner the lesson that justice and truth alike require the historian to put himself into the place of the criminal before he sharpens his knife for taking off his ears in a pillory of his own construction. James and Charles, Buckingham, Strafford and Laud strove to apply the form and principles of the Tudor monarchy in Church and State—the principles through which alone the Reformation Settlement was effected and made a working system—to a nation which had outgrown those principles, but was not yet conscious of the fact. Uniformity, the interpretation of the Prayer-Book by the Government, not by the people, the High Commission Court and the Star Chamber, Royal supremacy defined and enforced by prerogative were familiar principles to Henry VIII., Gardiner, Bonner, Cranmer, Somerset, Elizabeth, Burghley, Whitgift, and Abbot. The claim that a tinker in Bedford, a nun in Kent, a yeoman squire in Lincolnshire, or a lawyer in the Inns of Court should have the right to say what was truth and have it enforced on the Church of England and the nation as a correct interpretation of a rubric or a creed would have met, and did meet, with short shrift from the "mighty" men who "broke the bonds of Rome." Quite recently Prof. Pollard, in his valuable Life of Cranmer, has forcibly reminded us that until we first unravel the political theories that governed the conduct of ministers and that sum up and explain the sixteenth century theory of King, Church and State, the inexplicable in the careers of "the Reformation Churchmen" will remain inexplicable. The combination in Laud of "Anglo-Catholic" dogma, Protestantism and Erastianism which strikes the modern mind as so illogical and unhistorical, calls for explanation just because it would not have appeared irrational to his immediate predecessors in St. Augustine's chair. Plumply to dub this blending of tradition and policy as clericalism run mad helps us as little as to thrust Hampden, Pym, Lilburne, Cromwell, and Baillie into a common dustbin of crop-eared Puritanism. Nothing, to be sure, is more simple or pleasurable than to catalogue mistakes and to divide up a human mind into a list of virtues and vices, each with its appropriate ethical ticket; but to the historian, the psychologist, and the reformer it is not the mistakes, but how and why those mistakes were made that are important. Laud held certain views very strongly; they were views for which, both theologically and politically, he had powerful precedents in support: he was confronted with a growing anarchy—with groups of men in Church and State who refused to accept his views and were determined to crush his party and himself and utilise precisely the machinery at his disposal for enforcing their own. Their ideal of life met his at every point with a sharp challenge and an absolute refusal of compromise. It was a "no quarter" struggle, and he paid the penalty with his life, after a trial which Mr. Trevelyan—certainly no friend of Laud—has justly said "made as little show of legal justice as any in the century." But how was it that an educated statesman came to make such wilful mis-

takes? How is it that the people of England and the Church of England, in gathering up the results of a colossal contest, have put into their system as established by Parliamentary law more of Laud than of his opponents? How is it that to-day wicked bishops are repeating Laud's stupid mistakes when the truth, as in the seventeenth-century apparently, was so clear that he who runs may read? Because the heart of man is corrupt and we are a priest-ridden nation? or because we prefer to be bishop-ridden rather than tinker-ridden? I would gladly read what Mr. Bell has to say on these and similar questions, because if Laud and the Laudian system demonstrably did not represent the best lines of national development, and, if victorious, would have resulted in an England poorer in character, in thought, and political achievement, there were historical elements in his ideal of national life that England would have rejected to her permanent loss.

A few errata may be added. "Magna Carta and its *six* confirmatory statutes" (p. 66) did not "provide that no tax should be imposed without the consent of *Parliament*," even if the House of Commons said they did. Nor were "*all* constitutional forms" dispensed with in the eleven years of Charles' personal government (p. 103). That more than 50,000 French Protestants were murdered in cold blood on St. Bartholomew's Day "is said" (p. 164 n.), by whom? Not by Mr. Whitehead, the latest authority on the subject. And is it quite fair to quote from Vane's notes Strafford's famous remark (p. 254) on the army in Ireland, without a warning as to the value of Vane's evidence? And why, on p. 15, does Mr. Bell permit himself so poor a fling as this: "Even Gardiner, *with all his tenderness for bishops*, admits"? Does he wish history to be written simply that the episcopal dogs may always have the worst of it?

C. GRANT ROBERTSON.

THE OXFORD SHELLEY.*

Oxford sent him down, later she carved him a statue, and now she gives Shelley an edition, as erudite as one of her classical texts. It is not quite incongruous; for of all the modern poets Shelley has afforded in his text the happiest hunting-ground to the critical commentator, and this singer, whose song is so instinct with the spirit of the Greeks, informed, however, and *parce detorta*, as Horace would say, by his own idiosyncrasy, shares with his great-great-grandsire Aeschylus the unenviable heritage of an ever growing *apparatus criticus*, to tease the eye that would be occupied wholly with the magic of the verse. It is some comfort that Shelley's latest editor had the grace to light the lamp of sacrifice when he settled to his labours, but there is a gentle and perhaps unconscious humour in his prefatory remark that he has "not thought it necessary to cumber the text with every minute grammatical correction introduced by Mrs. Shelley . . . nor to record every conjectural emendation adopted or proposed by Rossetti and others in recent times." There is here a sort of veiled threat that "it micht hae been waur," but for our present deliverance we cannot be too grateful, and while admiring this moderation on the part of the scholarship commonly called "pure," we tremble for the might-have-been and humbly trust that Mr. Hutchinson's renunciation will influence future editors, whose occupation is now, for all practical purposes, gone. In the new edition, indeed, we find what the editor hopes is "an authentic, complete, and accurately printed text," and although the scientific examination of the mere killing letter has now advanced so far that the works may be "divided textually into three classes" (very reminiscent this of Westcott and Hort's famous introduction to the Greek Testament), those who care for Shelley's poetry as a vital entity and not as a subject for anatomical demonstration will be content to accept the form as transmitted by the latest competent hand, and with that to go on, more fully assured, to the contemplation of the spirit. The merely appreciative critic may thus, as Mr. Lang once said in a dedicatory acknowledgment to the late Provost of Oriel, "wing the shafts of the literary skirmisher from behind the shield of the scholar." The debt of such to the minute commentator is often deep, but that is no excuse for the tendency to make discussion on fine points of reading, or even of punctuation, the affair of the first moment. It would have seemed to Shelley himself, as Mr. Hutchinson acknowledges (mentally, no doubt, setting over his words the legal phrase "without prejudice"), "an occupation for Bedlamites."

The appearance of a poet's works in a new dress is chiefly valuable to the general reader as an opportunity for reconsideration of old judgments, and it is inevitable that some of these will be found to have worn somewhat threadbare, while others, happily, assume a new lustre. Shelley, who contains elements towards which hot youth of a certain temperament is especially attracted, loses more and gains more by this test of reperusal than perhaps any other poet of his period. We are Keats enthusiasts at once, and once for all, or not at all. Wordsworth remains unapprehended until middle and later life, Byron's early spell may vanish utterly and he may prove as repellent as he was formerly irresistible, while within the scope of Shelley's work all these processes are found to be in continual operation as it is viewed through the mirror of progressive experience. As a poet with a "mission" (save the mark) he grows less and less considerable. His passionate rebelliousness has no longer any vital relation to human thought, for rebellion has become a commonplace of gifted modernity, and is so inseparable from minor poetical achievement that we are glad to omit it from the characteristics of transcendent genius. Arnold's "beautiful and ineffectual angel" has, however, effected this, that whatever the futility of his ethical and political theories, his beauty remains his real and compelling power. To-day the æsthetic standard in poetry has won its way to a fuller recognition even at the expense of the didactic, and on this count Shelley's fame finds added security. As with every poet of large performance, part of Shelley's work must, on account of certain qualities, detach itself from the remainder, and proclaim itself the vital essence by which the entire body, part of it assuredly on sufferance, shall continue to exist. Thus, on a purely personal bias, it would appear that "Alastor" and "The Revolt of Islam," for all their passion of liquid melody, must bear in a measure the reproach of the formless and void. "Queen Mab," here placed at the head (and justly, in two senses) of the Juvenilia, may, save the opening lines, be dismissed as nonsense, while "Hellas" fails of its earlier apparent glory even in the final chorus. But "Prometheus Unbound," "The Cenci," "The Skylark," "The Cloud," "The West Wind," "Adonais," "The Sensitive Plant," "The Hymn of Pan," and that unimagined wonder, "Epipsychidion"—the final touchstone, surely, of Shelley's lyric utterance—reveal, like Beethoven's Symphonies, new marvels and fresh strength at every hearing. Towards "The Cenci" the temper of our time is sane, and this drama of vast sorrow and horror may now be judged solely on its masterly handling of these passions, for which it afforded an unrivalled vehicle. The truth is, Shelley came too early and too late. The world of his day had forgotten the mood of seemliness that could listen without one prurient reflection to Sophocles as he unfolded the story of Oedipus the King. In "The Cenci" the situation is even more perilous, for the outrage unconscious in the Sophoclean drama is deliberate in Shelley's. An age, therefore, that stood on the threshold of the early Victorian was sure to fall into the wrong attitude towards the tragic material of this play. It forced the situation into its own domestic concept of the universe and cried "Anathema."

Whatever the cult of sheer æsthetic may have overdone or left undone, it has at least restored the sense that enables us to bring "The Cenci" to its proper focus. Before its elemental passion the world of common men is swept away, Shelley whirls us to unscaled heights, dashes us to unexplored depths of spiritual experience, and leads us back quickened and chastened. The same is true of the Prometheus, but there we begin and end with the Titanic and miss the fascination of the human understructure. It is not rash beyond measure to prophesy that Shelley must come more and more to his own by virtue of his poetical as distinct from his political audacity. His daring as a reformer is forgiven as amiable wrong-headedness, his daring as a poet is bringing him his fullest justification. It is somewhat ironical, perhaps, to reflect that everything that matters

* "The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley." Including materials never before printed in any edition of the poems. Edited, with Textual Notes, by Thomas Hutchinson, M.A. 7s. 6d. net. (Henry Frowde.)

in his achievement is altered not a jot and in no way illuminated by verbal niceties, and although it is satisfactory to have his text pure, even its most dubious form would still have left us the Shelley whose place is secure among the immortals. J. D. Symon.

CELTIC LEGENDS.*

"The Mythology of the British Isles" does not pretend to make any serious addition to existing knowledge of Gaelic literature. As the author says in his preface, it does not profess to be for Celtic scholars. It is rather for the beginner in this most fascinating subject, who, finding himself confronted with a formidable mass of material and many volumes of erudite criticism and theory, sorely feels the need of a plain and simple statement of facts to start him on his journey. That is precisely what Mr. Squire has given in this book, generously and with infinite care. The first four chapters are by way of introduction. Chapter I. deals admirably with the importance of Celtic mythology as the beginning of our national literature and the germ of our national legend. Then follow discussions of the sources of our knowledge of the subject, the origin of the "ancient Britons" and their religion. Next we embark on the mythology proper, divided into two main divisions, Gaelic and British—terms which, for no very obvious reason, the author finds more convenient than Goidelic and Brythonic. In the first division, which is the longest, are told the stories of the earliest inhabitants of Ireland before the coming of "the children of Danu," of the Tuatha Dé Danaan themselves, of the Red Branch heroes of Ulster, and of Finn and his Fenians. Mr. Squire has the gift of narrative. In telling the tales he contrives to introduce much of the original Celtic charm. Of more use to students, however, than the tales themselves, which are for the most part easily accessible in literal translations, is the preliminary chapter of the section, headed "The Gods of the Gaels." This enumerates clearly and succinctly the chief gods of the Gaelic pantheon, their peculiar characteristics and offices, and forms a valuable preface to the stories of the Tuatha Dé Danaan and their inveterate enemies, the Fomors. These latter are powers of darkness, continually at war with the gods of light. They occupy the place held by the Titans in Greek mythology and the Jötuns in Scandinavian. In "The Irish Iliad" Mr. Squire graphically retells the principal doings of Cuchulainn, giving in especial detail the story of the famous *Tain Bo Cualgné*. "Some Gaelic Love Stories" is one of the most charming chapters in the book. In it the Red Branch Heroes are seen in a less grim light than in the tales of the combats and rapine which apparently occupied most of their time. Here, too, the Celtic feeling for romance is very visible.

The doings of the Welsh gods have not come down to us so completely and clearly as those of their divine relations of Scotland and Ireland. The chief source of our knowledge of them is "The Mabinogion." Here, as in the Gaelic stories, Mr. Squire finds in the eternal struggles, whether of gods or heroes, symbols of the conflict between light and darkness. Arthur, the crown and flower of Celtic heroship, is, we are told, a transformed solar hero. In this, it is true, Mr. Squire has many distinguished scholars on his side. But some who hold a different opinion are also distinguished scholars. In a book confessedly intended for tyros it is a dangerous thing to dogmatise on a point at once so important and so uncertain. A bare statement of other views would have been of distinct advantage.

The last chapter in the book is perhaps the most interesting. It records various survivals of the old paganism into modern times. Well on in the last century propitiatory sacrifices of cattle are known to have been made: obvious relics of druidical human sacrifice. Sacred wells, sacred trees, sacred stones, were common till quite recently, and perhaps still are in remote places. In odd corners of Britain and Ireland tales of fairy and goblin are still told over the winter fire. In the brownies, kelpies, and so forth, who play at least as large a part in peasant lore as the fairies themselves, Mr. Squire sees the survival of a pre-Aryan faith, of gods who dwelt in these islands before ever the Tuatha Dé Danaan or their Welsh equivalents arrived. Altogether, it is a chapter of which we would willingly have had more.

Mr. Squire seems to have read all the most important English and French works on his subject. Though apparently unacquainted with either the Gaelic or Welsh tongues, his knowledge of the translations that have been made must be very thorough. In an excellent bibliography he enumerates the principal books which he has found useful. This bibliography would have been still more useful had the publishers' names and the books' prices been given. Is it a false delicacy or lack of commercial instinct that makes writers invariably withhold these necessary details? The index is a model of what an index should be. On the whole, the author has achieved his purpose with pronounced success, and all embarking on the seas of Celtic literature should be thankful to him. Francis L. Bickley.

* "The Mythology of the British Islands." By Charles Squire. 12s. 6d. net. (Blackie and Son.)

PEN AND PENCIL IN HOLLAND.*

Mr. Lucas appears to have taken with him to Holland a knowledge of all that earlier travellers have recorded about that country. At any rate, he has brought it to the writing of this book. He quotes, most aptly and interestingly, descriptions and estimates of we know not how many authors, from Sir Thomas Overbury to his friend Mr. Hilaire Belloc. Of many of these—Boswell, Goldsmith, Evelyn were of the company—it can be said that at least they were themselves interesting, even if, as Mr. Lucas opines, their journals are not. Holland has not been inspiring, he says, and Dutch travels are poor reading. If he is right, then his own book is an eminent exception. It contains few tedious pages, even among those culled from the works of others. And the reason is that it is writen in the happy spirit of the wanderer, not dulled by any pedantic intention. With all the information about the Dutch and their country which he has so diligently acquired by reading, he brings to them eyes free from preconceptions and prejudices. His interest is, above all, in the appearances of things, and nowhere perhaps so much as in Holland are the appearances of things vivid and possessed of particular character and charm. "One day I watched a costermonger steering a boat-load of flowers under a bridge, and no words of mine can describe the loveliness of their reflection." That was in Amsterdam. Again, of Middelburg: "Something gladdens the eye at every turn—a blue and yellow shutter, a red and black shutter, a turret, a daring gable, a knot of country people, a fat Zeeland baby, a milk-can rivalling the sun, an old woman's lace cap, a young woman's merry mouth." Such touches as these we find on every page. Among the close-packed barges of Rotterdam, "with their burgees flying all in the same direction, as the vanes of St. Sepulchre's in Holborn cannot do"; on its river, a scene of romantic energy day and night, or the multifarious waters which reflect the walls of Dordrecht; by night in the market-place of old mediæval Nymwegen—scene for comic opera; in sight of the smooth meadows and vast woods of Gelderland lying under the golden light of one of Albert Cuyp's peaceful landscapes, or of the black and white cows and the boys in blue jackets that milk them, and Overyssel's evening green, as Anton Mauve painted them; or the wet sand, grey sea, huge flat-bottomed boats of James Maris's Scheveningen canvasses; or, again, with Dutch citizens parading their streets after dinner, the Kalver Straat in Amsterdam, say, or the Lange Pooten in the Hague, or the orphanage girls with white tippets and caps above their dresses of black and red, or the fisher folk of Volendam in quaint costumes and their gay prettinesses; through all the eleven provinces, under the charm of Dutch lighting, Mr. Lucas has wandered with an eye to note and a pen to reproduce the colour and accent of the scenery.

This peculiarity of light and its towns are, Mr. Lucas tells us, Holland's chief possessions, and while the one recalls the glories of Dutch painting, the other still holds the records of Dutch history. In regard to both of these, also, Mr. Lucas is a competent and entertaining guide. To an enthusiasm for Dutch pictures he adds that for the struggle of the United Provinces against the power of Spain, and with these one cannot fail to be an appreciative wanderer in Holland. The ardour of such a companion is catching. He stirs afresh one's own sense of

* "A Wanderer in Holland." By E. V. Lucas. 6s. (Methuen.)

excitement at the first sight of Frans Hals in Haarlem or of Rembrandt in the Syndics or the Anatomy Lesson; and in a dozen towns from Medemblik to Breda awakens for us the echo of the golden time that lingers still in Dutch hearts. To do this has been the ambition of most travellers who have published their impressions of Holland, but Mr. Lucas, it has also to be noticed, is one of the few who have told us anything of Dutch literature. Not that he essays any comprehensive survey of it; he is, indeed, careful to disclaim for his book the intention of being authoritatively informing as to any aspect of Holland. But the song of the nightingale which he heard at Arnheim leads him to speak of Tesselschade Visscher (who wrote of the songsters) and of the Mvider Kring of whom Mr. Gosse has written an interesting account. At Sorgh Vliet, on the way to Scheveningen, we hear of old Jacob Cats (though he was not so old), ambassador and statesman as well as the poet of the burghers; and elsewhere of Vondel, whom Milton plagiarised (so the Dutch allege), though in his day some regarded him only as a pleasant rhymer in comparison with the moralist Cats. And if Mr. Lucas has nothing to say of present-day Dutch literature, as he has on the present-day art, he at least gives an account of the author of "Max Havelaar," whose influence upon it has been so considerable. Altogether, Mr. Lucas is to be congratulated on an engaging book. In it will be found some illustrations in colour, and a series of excellent reproductions after the old Dutch masters.

"BOZ."*

It is good to have been intimate, as indeed it is pleasant to recall happy hours of long ago spent, with a man whose fame is undying. It was Mr. FitzGerald's fortunate lot to have been a confidential friend of the novelist to whom he refers persistently under the *sobriquet* of "Boz," and, in his latest contribution to the ever growing mass of Dickens literature, he has much that is interesting to relate of the writer "in his habit as he lived." The title of the book is somewhat pretentious, as certainly it is misleading. Mr. FitzGerald discusses the originals of places and characters introduced into the novels—a sort of "Dickens Country" at first hand. He tells of his hero's enduring love for Rochester, with its famous "Bull Inn"; of Broadstairs, of which the great man wrote: "It is more delightful here than I can express. Corn growing, larks singing, garden full of flowers, fresh air and the sea. Oh, it is wonderful!" —of Cobham, Canterbury, Gadshill of course, Bath, all in connection with Dickens. But this is not virgin soil, for it has been worked over and over again, the last time by that most diligent of Dickens worshippers, the late F. G. Kitton. The net result of the book is the information that Dickens introduced into his stories the experiences of his early days—as every writer before and since has done. Something is said of Forster, whom the author accuses of having suppressed himself in the third volume of the "Life," being somewhat scared by criticism; of the Boz Club, of which Mr. FitzGerald claims to be the founder "in the strict and exclusive sense"; of the Dickens Fellowship, of which he was the first president; and of the monumental edition of the life and works of Dickens now being issued by Mr. Sproul [not Sproule] of New York.

Most readers will turn with eagerness to the chapter headed "Dickens and Thackeray," for the relations between these men have always been a subject of interest. There is a surprise in store for them. Mr. FitzGerald is, of course, an ardent admirer of Dickens the author as well as Dickens the man—which is very right and proper in "one of the few surviving friends"—but his enthusiasm carries him so far as to bring a charge of plagiarism against his master's famous rival. "Thackeray showed his apreciation of Boz, not only by hearty admiration and praise, but by that sincerest form of flattery, imitation; not in style or essence, but in various situations and characters. I would not say that he copied or adapted these, but they were certainly present to him." Forthwith he brings his evidence. In "Nicholas Nickleby" and in "Pendennis" there is a company of country actors, and when each is visited by a theatrical magnate, "Thackeray makes the company 'act at' the London manager in the boxes exactly as Dickens did." Surely it would have been very wonderful if they had not 'acted at' the London manager; but Mr. FitzGerald remarks that the likeness between the passages is more than accidental! "Copperfield marries the 'child-wife,' who dies, and later Agnes, to whom he was always attached. In 'The Newcomes' Clive marries *his* child-wife, Rosey, who dies, leaving him free to marry Ethel, his early love." "In 'Nickleby' we find Sir Mulberry Hawk attended by two jackals, Pyke and Pluck; in 'Vanity Fair' Lord Steyne has Wagg and Wenham, and in 'The Newcomes' Lord Farintosh has *his* 'toadies,' Henchman and another." To continue, Little Rosey Mackenzie is not unlike Dora; Littimer is "surely the original of Major Pendennis's own man" because both are good servants and rascals to boot; and Thackeray describes bailiffs, sponging-houses, and elections as Dickens did before him. These and other instances "showing that Thackeray has rather profusely helped himself from the great master" are about as conclusive of plagiarism as the further parallel drawn between an incident in "Little Dorrit" and "The Newcomes," which can scarcely be held to Thackeray's discredit, since the last number of "The Newcomes" appeared in August, 1855, and the first part of "Little Dorrit" in December of that year! When an author brings such a serious charge against another and a greater, it should be based upon grounds that at least are worthy of serious consideration.

In these volumes Mr. FitzGerald shows a great command of words and the lack of a sense of proportion. There is some biography and nearly as much autobiography; above all, there is the too frequent insistence upon the fact that the author is one of the few men living who can have played billiards or walked or talked or dined with Dickens at his house. Yet there are passages, good and true, scattered through the chapters, and of these one descriptive of Gadshill is worthy of quotation: "Few places have seen more happy, enjoyable days or nights. Within there was a notable hall of the 'well' pattern, with a stair that went up to the roof, and some good old chambers. But the host was all in all, and, indeed, a host in himself. Visiting the place lately, I was struck with its rather dwindled air; it seemed so much smaller and less important than it was. But this was the absence of the presiding spirit—the lost Boz—which filled and expanded every portion. I say advisedly there never was, and never could be, so genial, amiable, unaffected, and untiring a person in his treatment of friends and guests. He was always more eager to listen than to speak—to take a second or third place; more anxious to be told, rather than to tell, an amusing story. His very presence was enough, with the bright radiant face, the glowing, searching eyes, which had a language of their own, and the expressive mouth."

"The Life of Charles Dickens as Revealed in his Writings" presupposes an intimate acquaintance with the life and works of the novelist which it is to be feared not many possess; while, except to the few, its allusiveness will often be as irritating as it is baffling. It is a book over which to while away a pleasant hour or two; and its place is on the shelf next to Forster's great work, which it supplements at some points. That it is not intended as a work of reference may be deduced from the fact that no index is provided—an omission which, in a book of this class, is lamentable.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

* "The Life of Charles Dickens as Revealed in his Writings." By Percy FitzGerald, M.A., F.S.A. 2 vols. 21s. net. (Chatto.)

A TALE OF THE SOUTH SEAS.*

Mr. John Oxenham tells a stirring tale simply and well. He invariably has an ingenious "plot," and he has the power of the true story-teller. At no time does he weary one with analyses of character or dreary disquisitions that have nothing to do with the direct development of his story; and in "White Fire," his latest work, he is seen to as great advantage as in his best-known book, "Barbe of Grand Bayou." The style is not elaborate; Mr. Oxenham is not in the ordinary sense of the word a "stylist"; he has no use for the uncommon adjective, the unusual verb, or the word employed in a way that is pedantic. The opening scene of "White Fire" is in Greenock; and this may be

* "White Fire." By John Oxenham. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

taken as a fair example of Mr. Oxenham's way of writing :—

"Below her to the right rose the smoke of the town and the ceaseless clangour of the shipbuilding yards. A movement would have hidden them from her. But she did not move; she neither saw nor heard them. Her eyes were fixed absorbedly on the mighty panorama beyond; the lovely firth, blue as Italian lake, and all alive with traffic; energetic little river steamers racing with rival toys; slow coasters toiling along like water-beetles; a great black American liner at the Tail of the Bank; the great grey guardship with its trim official lines and hovering launches; and further out, near the opposite shore, the white sails of yachts flashing in the sun like seabirds' wings. And beyond—the hills, the mighty hills of God."

The "she" of the quotation is the heroine of the book, a London girl, spending a holiday in Scotland, and at Greenock she meets the hero, then a herd boy much of the usual Scotch type. He is a herd boy with ambitions; it is his intention to be an explorer, to follow in the steps of Livingstone, Mungo Park, Joseph Thomson, and others of his compatriots. The sketch of the hero as herd is slight but effective; and there is nothing maudlin in the fashion in which his aspirations are set forth. At the next stage we meet the hero and the heroine after a lapse of ten years, the girl now being in possession of much money, the wealth of her dead father. "A young friend" of the minister at the church attended by the girl gives an impromptu address, and in the "young friend" the heroine recognises her old acquaintance, the herd boy of Greenock. The address makes a deep impression on her. He is going to the South Seas as a missionary; and presently we find him there in company with an aged colleague. The two are attacked by black men, and the aged missionary is slain. Our hero flees: but his action is misinterpreted, and he is hailed as one who has made a desperate defence of his fellow missionary. The hero's confession of his cowardice to an audience which includes the heroine is one of the ablest things in an able book. A novel feature of the "love interest," which, as in the other writings of Mr. Oxenham, is strong, is that the heroine "proposes" to the hero. The "proposal" is accepted, and as a married couple they dare the terrors of life among the South Sea savages. There are many adventures; all of them recounted racily and with directness. The scene is a fresh one for the author, but that it suits his manner is fully demonstrated.

"A man's man" is one of the descriptions of the hero, who is perhaps just a little too much of the hero now and again, though Mr. Oxenham is careful to guard against making him seem too good to be human. There is, of course, the cowardice incident to be taken into account. A shrewd and amusing picture is that of Aunt Jannet Harvey, who goes to the South Seas with the young couple, provides common-sense for the trio, and reminds one of the Aunt Wallace of Mr. J. J. Bell's "Jess and Co.," with the exception that she is not so wildly amusing. Ha'o, a South Sea chief, is also neatly done. The staunchness of this cannibal is impressive; and to read about him gives one the belief that Mr. Oxenham must have first-hand knowledge of people of the kind.

There are sixteen full-page wash-drawings of much ability by Mr. E. Grenville Manton; and the work is dedicated to "The Immortal Memory of James Chalmers"—a dedication that may explain why some character-sketches give one the impression that they are drawn from life.

NOTES ON THE "HUMAN COMEDY."*

Mr. Hardy, not long ago, recognising a certain air of decay which has fallen upon English letters, put it down to the want of philosophy—in other words, of a steadily held and strongly indicated view of life. Writers aim at amusing themselves or their readers, at showing how clever they can be, at miracles of style, or portents of slang, at sensation and thrill; but how seldom is there anything in their books which supposes a meaning in all this beyond the hour! To live on the surface, that is wisdom; to get a laugh, or a cry, or a sneer, is the reward of brilliant writing. The music hall governs. And here are some music hall lectures on Balzac.

Not ideas, but sensations. What the critic himself believes, whether he *has* any belief, good or bad, it is impossible to learn from these scattered, ingenious, not very fresh remarks on the greatest and most tragic of social historians in the nineteenth century. How far Balzac judged aright; why he chose his canvases; where the artist fails, or is peculiar, or overdoes the colouring, by reason of his own temperament; in short, what it all amounts to when we have read our "Human Comedy," this we shall not find out under present guidance. There is in French a "Dictionary" of Balzac's characters, their names, situations, entrances and exits; as it were, a skeleton map. Such, in less degree, not summed or articulated, is the volume before us. It takes care not to ask for mental effort; it gossips and chirps with a liberal twang of the kind we may expect when some Englishmen discuss certain French books. We are not to be prudish or Philistine; "immoral" is no literary adjective; great authors transcend the bourgeois (*id est*, the Christian) commonplaces; and the rest. Not that our reviewer shocks propriety; neither does he refuse to English virtue its commendation. He just takes things as he runs up against them; snatches a film, shows it to us, and hurries on. By an odd quality of this method, the strange in literature becomes trite, the terror and the beauty vanish, the sun which kisses carrion is no more something dreadful or enigmatic, and our Balzac, drawn up from his murky Inferno, looks most unlike himself; the mystery has gone out of him. By way of testing these truths, let any man who is well-read in "Père Goriot" and "Illusions Perdues," turn to the sketch of Vautrin or of Lucien de Rubempré. That will be trial enough.

Whether a considerable number of Britons are likely to get good from plunging into Balzac, or why they should attempt it, are open questions. But that if the "Human Comedy" deserves to be studied, no little philosophy, wherever got, should be spent in the process, hardly admits of denial. The music hall method is inadequate to these high and difficult undertakings. Balzac made himself the Mercury of lost souls, their guide along slippery ways into the bottomless pit. To talk of Dickens in the same breath, except as a contrast or a bric-à-brac dealer, is to perpetrate false judgment beyond recovery.

Either let the French artist alone, or bring to the reading of him some principles not unequal to his heights and his depths.

* "Aspects of Balzac." By W. H. Helm. 3s. 6d. (Eveleigh Nash.)

THE NEW ANTHONY HOPE.*

Time was, and that not so very long ago, when Mr. Anthony Hope's novels concerned themselves more with the active than the contemplative sides of life, more with the deeds than with the emotions of men, with the outer manifestations and activities of human character than with the subtleties of its inner workings; and he is as triumphant in the later phase of his art as he was in the earlier. He still tells a good story, but tells it with a difference, having passed from drawing his characters in broad and bold outline, to a filling in of nice lights and shades, to a cunning analysis of them in a detail that may occasionally be a little too minute, but is always as true as it is clever.

Like "Double Harness," "A Servant of the Public" is mainly a close study in temperaments, and especially in the temperament of Ora Pinsent. All the tantalising charm, all the sweetness, the simplicity, the childish vanity and pettiness of Ora's irresponsibly trivial nature are analysed and laid bare with a knowledge and skill that seem at times almost mercilessly conscientious. She is a young and popular actress, with all the popular actress's love of being admired and talked about at every cost, and with a full share of that weakness of the artistic temperament, "the simplicity and readiness of emotion which expose their possessor to so many chances of sorrow, as well as to a certainty of recurrent joys." She is a creature of "uncontrollable emotions and unknowable whims," and, as Lady Kilnorton says, "there's nothing she wouldn't do for you at one moment, the next she wouldn't do anything at all for you"; she is frank, confiding, indefinably attractive, plays wistfully with a longing to be good, and is never immoral, but in shaking hands with men has always "the air of expecting to be kissed"; she is fretfully anxious to be generally liked, is wounded if either man or woman dislikes or is even in-

* "A Servant of the Public." By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Methuen.)

different to her, and is possessed of "an innate desire—it was almost an instinct—to have every man leave her with as much difficulty as possible."

And no man who comes within range of her influence can remain altogether proof against her charm. The middle-aged Lord Bowdon, that hereditary Whig whose "conservative temperament preserved his Liberal principles," struggles prudently with a growing infatuation for her, and to remove himself beyond danger deliberately revives a half extinct intention and engages himself to Lady Kilnorton, that delightful widow, and is careful that the wedding shall not be long delayed. Ashley Mead, however, is younger and less discreet; he disappoints the expectations of everybody by rejecting a great fortune, in the shape of a partnership in the wealthy business concern of Sir James Muddock, and marriage with Sir James's daughter, who in her quiet fashion loves him—and all because of the happy spell that Ora has cast upon him, though he knows that she is incapable of real earnestness and can never marry him, for she has a mysterious husband alive in America; and it is with the return of this husband that he begins to realise what a sheer fool's paradise he has been living in. Her husband, Jack Fleming, writes to say he is taking a holiday and would like to see her, but will not come to England unless she gives him leave. She decides that he must come, he is her husband, and fired with sentimental resolutions to do the right thing she persuades Ashley to support her at a lofty height of renunciation and self-sacrifice. But first she draws him into going to Southampton with her to meet the prodigal, and there at the last moment her courage fails her. Ashley goes to look for the man, finds him in the refreshment room the worse for drink, and when the two arrive at the seat on the platform where he had left Ora she has disappeared, and has entrusted a porter with a note for him saying she has gone back to London, and entreating him to keep her husband from coming after her. It is a ridiculous situation; Ashley himself laughs at the absurdity of it, but obeys her. Later, after the husband has been bribed and shipped off again without troubling her, she signs a contract to make a tour in America, and out there, with the shallow irresponsibility that is native to her, forgets Ashley and, getting a divorce from her husband, marries her manager.

Yet the reader is as little surprised as Ashley was, and no more blames her than he did; Mr. Hope has drawn her with such minute exactness, such convincing fidelity that this crowning fickleness is of a piece, and seems merely what one might have expected of her. Indeed, these two persons are presented with such insight and life-likeness, and so impress one with a sense of their reality, that doubtless some will suspect they must be modelled on very definite originals, and some of us will not be able to away with a haunting fancy that we could give those originals a name. Be that as it may, this novel is the high-water mark of Mr. Hope's achievement: it is a brilliantly successful piece of work both as a story and as an intricate and profoundly interesting study in a psychology that is only baffling from its very elemental simplicity.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

MR. PETT RIDGE'S NEW STORIES.*

Because Mr. Pett Ridge's stories seem so natural and probable, and because his characters so exactly resemble certain types of character with which, perhaps, we are actually acquainted, some of us have fallen into an unthinking habit of crediting him with little or nothing in the way of imaginative genius, and docketing his creations as the result of merely shrewd powers of observation, and the plodding, laudable practice of going about with a handy note-book; and doubtless he has frequently laughed in his sleeve at our simplicity herein. For, of course, no man could recreate what he has observed without a very considerable gift of imagination; moreover, it is a sheer absurdity to suppose that the numerous men and women and the multifarious incidents he describes are no more than smart transcripts of people and things he has seen and heard in the course of a single lifetime. The simple fact is that he has closely and conscientiously observed the class of humanity he depicts, and arrived at an exhaustive and intimate knowledge of it, and that with this sufficient material to work upon, his creative imagination is able to conjure up scenes, incidents and individuals so like reality, so completely at one with the colour and tone of the life he knows so well, that the illusion satisfies and convinces us and, reading his stories, we are so impressed with their verisimilitude that we cannot believe they are imaginary and, dully ascribing them to his faculty of observation, pay a high but unwitting tribute to the imagination we assume he does not possess. After all, it needs as much imagination to mould character and story out of the material gathered from the streets of the living world, as to mould them from the more glamorous material your dashing historical novelist gathers at second-hand from other people's books.

In these days Mr. Pett Ridge has achieved such a thoroughly deserved popularity, his manner and methods are so well and so widely known, that it is scarcely necessary to say more of "On Company's Service" than that it is a series of stories whose scope is limited to a portrayal of life as it is lived by the guards, porters, signal-men, and other higher and lower officials connected with the railways, and that they are written in his own delightful and inimitable fashion, with the humour and sympathy, the terse suggestiveness, and the effective cunning in dialogue that characterise all his best work. To single out this or that one of the eighteen stories for especial praise were little short of an injustice; you may have a personal preference for the wry humour of "The Mind of Charles"; for the unforced, almost casual pathos of "Farleigh v. Maler," the story of a rivalry and of a fight that never came off; or for the irresistibly farcical comedy of "Military Tactics"; but your preferences will vary according to the mood in which you happen to be reading, for there is not one of them that is not excellent of its kind and wholly enjoyable.

* "On Company's Service." By W. Pett Ridge. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

THE GOLDEN THRESHOLD.*

Opening with a portrait of the author by J. B. Yeats, sen., a dedication to Edmund Gosse, and a whole-heartedly appreciative introduction by Arthur Symons, one hesitates a little when one comes to the poems themselves. "This bird-like quality of song," "a rare temperament," "Eastern magic in them": methinks the gentleman doth protest too much. That the lady is an admirable letter-writer is easily to be seen, from the extracts given by Mr. Symons in his Introduction; but that she is a poet would take more and fuller evidence than this little book affords. The book is divided into compartments—"Folk-Songs," "Songs for Music," and, thirdly and lastly, "Poems." The folk-songs are undistinguished; they tell in smooth and unremarkable verse of

> "The sword of old battles, the crown of old kings,
> And happy and simple and sorrowful things."

The village-song has in it a promise of deeper music than it quite achieves:—

> "Honey child, honey child, whither are you going;
> Would you cast your jewels all to the breezes blowing?
> Would you leave the mother who on golden grain has fed you?
> Would you grieve the lover who is riding forth to wed you?
> 'Mother mine, to the wild forest I am going,
> Where upon the champa boughs the champa buds are blowing;
> To the koil-haunted river-isles where lotus lilies glisten
> The voices of the fairy-folk are calling me: O listen!'
> 'Honey child, honey child, the world is full of pleasure,
> Of bridal songs and cradle-songs and sandal-scented leisure.
> Your bridal robes are in the loom, silver and saffron glowing;
> Your bridal cakes are on the hearth: O whither are you going?'
> 'The bridal-songs and cradle-songs have cadences of sorrow,
> The laughter of the sun to-day, the wind of death to-morrow.
> Far sweeter sound the forest notes where forest streams are falling;
> O mother mine, I cannot stay, the fairy-folk are calling.'"

But "fairy-folk" in an Indian song! The woman whose feet turn backwards, Runíya, the bridegroom god, she of the pestilence who goes grunting and trampling about at night in the guise of a *mugger*, the returning wives for whose ghostly sakes their widowers sow mustard-seed beside their doors—any and all of these, rather than the "fairy-folk." These have the mark of the potter's thumb upon them, these are of the East Eastern, these smell of India and look India, but not the Little People, the Good Neighbours, the People of the Dew. After this protest let us turn again

* "The Golden Threshold." By Sarojini Naidu. (Heinemann.)

to the book. Here is the best poem in it, and one we do not grudge to praise, but it should not have stood thus lonely. Given companions of equal colour and warmth we would have said, as yet we cannot say, Sarojini Naidu is a poet.

STREET CRIES.

"When dawn's first cymbals beat upon the sky,
Rousing the world to labour's various cry,
To tend the flock, to bind the mellowing grain,
From ardent toil to forge a little gain,
And fasting men go forth on hurrying feet,
Buy bread, buy bread! rings down the eager street.

When the earth falters, and the waters swoon
With the implacable radiance of noon,
And in dim shelters koils hush their notes,
And the faint thirsting blood in languid throats
Craves liquid succour from the cruel heat,
Buy fruit, buy fruit! steals down the panting street.

When twilight, twinkling o'er the gay bazaars,
Unfurls a sudden canopy of stars,
When lutes are strung and fragrant torches lit
On white roof-terraces, where lovers sit
Drinking together of life's poignant sweet,
Buy flowers, buy flowers! floats down the singing street."

NORA CHESSON.

HANDBOOK OF HOMERIC STUDY.*

Mr. Andrew Lang's translation of the "Iliad" is prefaced by a fine sonnet, which of Learning says—

"Vainly thee,
Homer, she meteth with her Lesbian lead,
And strives to rend thy songs: too blind is she
To know the crown on thine immortal head
Of indivisible supremacy."

This chivalrous devotion to the personal Homer of tradition would be regarded by the writer of the Handbook before us as sentimental and reactionary. The personal identity of Homer is, of course, the most interesting question in the whole range of Homeric study, and Professor Henry Browne makes his own position on the side of Chorizontes quite clear. "Let us scrupulously retain," he writes, "the appellation 'Homer' for the author of the poems, as we have received them, regarding it as a mere accident that unlike the ancients we are, perhaps unfortunately, aware that he was not one but many, or at least more than one."

We have here a learned and acute discussion in 324 closely-printed pages of all the time-honoured problems that have gathered round the name of Homer, questions of chronology, authorship, dialect, Homeric civilisation, and the like. For the professed student of Homer the book will be of the highest value. With the exception of Whibley's "Companion to Greek Studies," we know no book which covers so wide a field with the same minute and succinct accuracy. Doubtless every Handbook of the sort must often touch on controversial topics, but a careful examination of Professor Browne's work enables us to say that he has succeeded in his endeavours to lay before his readers the elements out of which they can form their own judgment, rather than to force on them conclusions to which he finds himself inclined. He gives a good exposition of the views of all the leading Homeric critics from Wolf to Fick, and remarks in this connection that "The Problem of the Homeric Poems," by the late Principal Geddes, of Aberdeen, seems to him to be "by far the most original and convincing piece of work done by the English school." Mr. Browne has enhanced the value of his Handbook by including twenty-two finely-executed illustrations and providing a useful index.

A WORLD WITHOUT A CHILD.†

Throughout this new booklet of Mr. Coulson Kernahan's, this tenderly beautiful "story for women and for men," you shall hear "the tumult of the time disconsolate" flow like the wailing undertone in a solemn organ-music. The spread of religious indifference, the increasing love of pleasure and luxury, the growing rebellion of women against the responsibilities of maternity and the ties of family life, and the consequent decreasing of the population—out of such very practical, latter-day problems as these Mr. Kernahan fashions for us a prophetic vision of mingled loveliness and pathos and terror. In a dream of the night he looks upon London a hundred years hence and sees that while parks and pleasure grounds have multiplied, churches and chapels have almost entirely disappeared, or been strangely secularised, so that "did God dwell in houses builded of men, He might often go homeless in England"; he marvels at the scarcity of children about the streets, and that they are sad and without the freshness of childhood in their faces, and learns from an old man who meets him that "children are no longer welcome in a world given up to selfish seeking after pleasure and after vanity," and that it is now some while since "against child-bearing itself the women of England began to rebel." In a profoundly intuitive and very striking passage Mr. Kernahan renders the passionate protest of woman against the unequal burden of pain and endurance that has been laid upon her from the beginning; and proceeds to tell how hearing and granting the wish of mankind God decrees that there shall be no more children, that, moreover, all creation and procreation shall cease; whence it comes to pass that Spring returns but all nature remains barren; there is no new growth of grass, or leaves, or flowers, no new birth of animal or vegetable life anywhere, year after year, till the earth is bare and the human race beginning to die out. Then, at the last, a world of ageing, joyless men and childless, loveless women, heartbroken and realising to the full the doom they have brought upon themselves, cry out from the depths of their utter misery for pity and pardon. The whole dream-story is a prose poem, intensely earnest, and of high imaginative power; it is dark with the squalor of human sin, the mystery of human suffering, and lightened and redeemed by glimpses of the sweetness and the wonder of "that Eternal Mercy that protects us." Alike for the grandeur of its spiritual teaching, for its brilliant and haunting word-pictures, and the delicate grace of its literary style, "A World without a Child" is a little masterpiece.

Novel Notes.

THE TOLL OF THE BUSH. By William Satchell. 6s. (Macmillan.)

For the second time Mr. Satchell has achieved an undoubted triumph with a story of Maori-land. Starting with the considerable advantage of having places and people to describe which still possess the charm of novelty to most readers, Mr. Satchell not only exhibits a signal capacity for using this advantage to the full, but gives abundant proof that his success is the effect not of the one cause but of many. The most striking feature of "The Toll of the Bush" is its freshness and aloofness from literary convention. There is nothing in it of the study and the lamp. From the first page to the last the reader is transported to a new world of enchantment, a world where humanity works out its destiny in accordance with nature's primal laws. The story in a word is that of two young English pioneers in the gum-forests of northern New Zealand. The scenery is described with extraordinary power—not in splatches of colour daubed in here and there, but by the creation of an atmosphere that envelops and colours and interpenetrates the entire sequence of events. With his characters Mr. Satchell is scarcely less successful. There is not a lay-figure in the book—with the possible exception of the wicked clergyman. It is a story of sorrow and love and sin and heroism—all of these characterised by a strength and sincerity and passion only possible in a new land without the trammel of conventions and social codes. The novel resolves itself ultimately into two charming love idylls told with exquisite grace. The humour of the book, and it is not of meagre amount, is supplied by the Maoris. Pine's racy dialect is worth a guinea a page to the depressed.

VIVIEN. By W. B. Maxwell. 6s. (Methuen.)

To keep the interest of the reader for more than five hundred pages is an achievement of which any novelist may be proud. Mr. Maxwell does it. And the feat is perhaps all the more remarkable when we consider how simple are the

* "Handbook of Homeric Study." By Henry Browne, S.J., Professor of Greek at University College, Dublin. 6s. net. (Longmans and Co.)

† "A World without a Child." By Coulson Kernahan. 1s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

methods by which he brings it about. For it is no disrespect to Vivien to say that it is for the most part merely good old-fashioned melodrama. It is the story of the Fairy Prince and the Goose Girl. With something of a splendid audacity Mr. Maxwell uses every established artifice of improbability. The shop-girl admires the dashing guardsman; she becomes lady-help to his grandmother, the duchess; she rejects the hero's offer to make her his mistress; and finally she repeats the triumph of our old friend, Pamela. The most original parts of the story are the minute and brilliant descriptions of certain phases of London shop-life. These are excellent, but they are embedded in a framework of pure melodrama. It is not possible to regard Vivien as a picture of life. We have the smart set, of course—less amusing than usual, and sensual to the point of the ridiculous. Nor can we regard Mr. Maxwell as a moralist or as a humorist. The marriage of Vivien and the glorification of the unspeakable Stanford are conclusive as to the former. When the Duke finally throws his handkerchief to the woman to whom he had offered the insult unpardonable, he tells her how her former persecutor had covered himself with glory in S. Africa and "foremost fighting fell." We take it that this settles Mr. Maxwell's reputation as a humorist. But the facts remain that he has written a novel of unusual length and interest, that he has thrown a powerful searchlight on the conditions of shop-life, and that his novel will give joy to all lovers of melodrama.

STARVECROW FARM. By Stanley Weyman. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

It is not possible to think that Mr. Weyman has been very happily inspired in his choice of subject. The year of "Peterloo" is unattractive as a page of history, and our doubts as to its possibilities for fiction have not been dissipated by Starvecrow Farm. The action of the story takes place at Windermere, where Henrietta Damer is saved just in time from a foolish entanglement with one of Thistlewood's ruffians. Owing to her knowledge of the hiding place of her quondam lover, the girl is made to undergo a rapid succession of hardships and adventures with no one to protect her but the faithful chaplain of her grim and unloveable suitor, Captain Clyne. The finest thing in the story is the portrait of Henrietta herself—the most spirited and most attractive of all Mr. Weyman's heroines. With Captain Clyne, R.N., it is otherwise. Mr. Weyman has a pretty trick of evolving a gentlemanlike hero out of what at first appears to be most unpromising material. Who but remembers the fascinating development of the cheat and bully, M. de Berault, into a very perfect gentle knight! But this time Mr. Weyman's magic wand has somewhat failed him, and Captain Clyne remains a boor to the end in spite of every effort of his creator to persuade us that he is a gentleman. Similarly, too, Mr. Weyman has had difficulty with his historical colour. There is really nothing in the story to connect it with any period except the date, which is told us, and the mention of a few historical names. The latter are obviously dragged in after the manner of the crude symbolism of the Elizabethan theatre. But with these drawbacks the novel never puts any strain on our attention. Fortunately Henrietta Damer is never off the stage, and her beauty and vivacity save the play. And there are many situations in the story conceived in Mr. Weyman's happiest manner, and described with his old-time dramatic intensity and literary skill.

KNOCK AT A VENTURE. By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (Methuen.)

"A voice that breathed o'er Eden from 'Athenæum' bowers,
Said 'Pray be kind to Phillpotts; he is a friend of ours.'"

It was in this facetious way that Mr. Phillpotts was treated only a few years ago, when Mr. Eric Mackay was in the glades of Fleet Street, penning such lines as these:—

"Fill the pot and fill the can,
Eden is the coming man!"

These days are no more: Mr. Phillpotts has come into the full possession of his intellectual kingdom, and the jesters are at rest. This latest book of his is a collection of Dartmoor stories, all of them told with a rare distinction. He is humorous, he is grave, and he is flippant: in all his moods he makes the characters tell. For sheer artistry there are few recent short stories to compare with some of these in this volume. Mr. Phillpotts has got as keen a grip of the idea and possibilities of the short story as any living British writer. It is true that the stories are in "dialect," but it is "dialect" that need scare no reader. In reading "Knock at a Venture" one is reminded of the earlier writings of Mr. Quiller Couch, and of the "Lost Pibroch" of Mr. Neil Munro.

MRS. JIM AND MRS. JIMMIE. By Stephen Conrad. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Readers will remember "The Second Mrs. Jim," a work in which that lady set forth her point of view with commendable freshness and much sound common-sense. This new book by Mr. Conrad gives "certain town experiences of the second Mrs. Jim as related to Jimmie's wife." The raconteur is the stepmother. The humour, it has to be admitted, is "American," but it is not of that flagrantly "American" kind which defies acceptance on this side of the Atlantic. Domesticity is the keynote, and but for the language, the things written about might have taken place in Drumtochty or Thrums. Mr. Conrad is an American Ian Maclaren; he has the domestic touch, the point of view that will interest women. His canvas is small, but he fills it well, carefully finishing all details. The incidents are extremely slight, and to convey the charm of it by means of a brief paragraph is impossible. To show the stuff of which Mr. Conrad makes his comic sketches of home life among working people in America would require the transcription of a page or two from his book. He has a delicate, fanciful wit that well fits the subjects that he selects. The book is gracefully illustrated, in colours, by Mr. Charles Herrell.

THE FREEMASONS. By L. S. Gibson. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)

This story should be welcomed by the Masonic fraternity and their supporters. The pivot on which it turns is the curious and novel idea that the position of a Master Mason forms an impregnable barrier against all temptations to seduce another Master Mason's wife. Dr. Angus, the central figure of the story, allows himself to drift into dangerous relations with a lady patient. Both he and she are unhappily married, and his nature, at any rate, has all the makings of another Tito Melema. How he manages to pull up and save Cecily Aveling as well as himself from disaster, is the plot of the novel. In addition to the redeeming influence of Masonry, a strong and wise lady steps in to counsel the hesitating pair. Her character is well drawn, and indeed the writer has managed to carry the whole story through with real zest and interest, although, as is often the case, a number of love-threads are left hanging about the central web. It is a bright, clean, ingenious tale of modern society, written with considerable insight into feminine character.

SUSAN WOOED AND SUSAN WON. By Emma Brooke. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Susan is the eldest daughter of a prosperous Nonconformist merchant; she is wooed and won by a Nonconformist minister, and the atmosphere of the story is Nonconformist. But Miss Brooke has no love for Dissenting circles. Her aim is to expose their foibles, and she girds quite needlessly and inartistically at a well-known Nonconformist journal and at Nonconformist politicians. Apart from these errors against taste and truth, there is not much to notice in the story, which runs along pretty conventional lines. The murder of a disreputable uncle in Mr. Wallwood's house shadows everything. Its effect upon the various characters is the keynote of the book, and the subtle way in which this is handled suggests that Miss Brooke might have easily made more of her subject than her prejudices have permitted. Miss Marplot is a living figure, a typical busybody in religious matters. Susan Wallwood also impresses one by her quiet strength of character. But the male figures are less successful, and Martin Pottage's sojourn in France is both irrelevant and uninspiring.

THE MAN. By Bram Stoker. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Miss Stephen Norman is the only child of a wealthy English squire who had set his heart upon a son. Foiled in this ambition, he gives his daughter a man's name, and, as her mother dies at her birth, educates her in a much more free manner than is common among English girls. One result of this early training is to foster in the girl a romantic and dangerous belief in the equality of the sexes, which

actually leads the young heiress, after her father's death, to propose marriage to a fascinating and worthless scamp in the neighbourhood. How she gets out of this entanglement, and how the true lover comes eventually to his own, is Mr. Stoker's secret, and to his pages the reader must turn for the solution. He or she will not turn without being rewarded. The characters of Miss Norman, her aunt, and her two lovers, are vividly conceived and drawn. Mr. Stoker is a master of the dramatic in fiction. And he has specially excelled in depicting this pure, delicately minded girl's nature in a situation which would make most women seem unmaidenly. There is a thrilling description of a rescue in mid-Atlantic also, and a fine shipwreck. The book at first tends to be a trifle heavy with psychological reflections. But the author works through to a swifter vein as the story unfolds; if the end is obvious, the stages to it are versatile enough to please the most exacting taste. The one weak sentence in the book is the last.

THIS OUR SISTER. By Mrs. Harold E. Gorst. 6s. (Digby, Long and Co.)

The motto of this strong, arresting volume might be found in the closing sentence of Mr. Meredith's "Rhoda Fleming." The authoress has set herself to describe an ill-educated, decent girl in London slums, sacrificing herself nobly for a little brother, and then becoming infatuated with an artist, who meanly takes advantage of her trust. She ends by drowning herself in the Thames. Like one part of Mr. Whiteing's "No. 5, John Street," it is a sad, lacerating tale. Mrs. Gorst, however, has written with much earnestness of purpose and pity. Her descriptions of slum-life bear the stamp of merciless fidelity, and it is hardly possible that anyone should read Nell's story without some access of intelligent sympathy for girls exposed to such temptations. There is nothing prurient in these pages, nor have they any note of false sentiment. Their tone is wholesome, in the sense that, instead of exciting maudlin emotion, they help the reader to enter into a state of things which is unfortunately real and a disgrace to civilisation.

THE FALL OF THE CARDS. By R. K. Weekes. 6s. (Harper and Brothers.)

"It stands to reason," says Hawtrey, the well-meaning gambler in this story, "that if the devil wanted to speak, he'd sooner do it through the cards than by planchette, or clairvoyance, or crystal-gazing, or any of those things that heaps of people believe in—really clever people, who've passed examinations." Hawtrey is described as a man with a diabolic luck at cards which has nearly ruined his life, and the plot of the story turns upon his efforts, and the efforts of his friends, to break him of this habit. The scene, now tragic, now comic, shifts from Brussels to England, and from England to California. Love enters into Hawtrey's life through a literary lady, Miss Doone. But only for a time, and with rather unfortunate effects. Finally, things are brought right, thanks to his own magnanimity, but not until the story has passed through some dramatic moments, which involve a love-match between Miss Doone's lively step-sister and an English peer. The conception is better than the dialogue, and the dialogue better than the construction, of the tale. But the author swings the reader on with unabated interest to the very end.

CAPTAIN MAROON. By Robert Stuart. 6s. (Nash.)
THE BLACK BARQUE. By T. Jenkins Hains. 6s. (Dean.)

Here are two capital stories, the one of sheer piracy, the other of piracy and the slave trade. Mr. Stuart's is placed somewhere in the early years of the seventeenth century and, being told in the first person, is written in the loitering, long-drawn English that is characteristic of that period. The thing is carefully and well done, but the doing of it necessitates the spinning out of the first chapters to undue lengths; once you are right into the narrative, however, you find it a stirring, ingenious, and effectively written one, the terrible, ruthless, noseless Captain Maroon himself proving almost as memorable and original a character as that immortal rascal of Stevenson's "Treasure Island." Captain Howard, of the pirate slave-ship, in Captain Hains' "The Black Barque," is another notable addition to our gallery of daring and villainous seamen; with his hairless, smooth shiny poll, his snaky eyes, and his beak of a nose, he dominates the story bravely, and the record of his lawless and lurid adventures, as told by John Heywood, his American gunner, is as thrilling and absorbing as the lover of such could desire. The story passes in the years when America was fighting with Britain for her independence; it is full of life and violent movement, pictures vividly the unimaginable horrors of the slave trade, and is written as only one who has something of the salt and savour of the sea in his blood could write it. We warmly recommend both books. "The Black Barque" contains some excellent illustrations by Mr. W. Herbert Dunton.

TONGUES OF GOSSIP. By A. Curtis Sherwood. 6s. (Unwin.)

If there is much talk and little plot in "Tongues of Gossip," it is perhaps only what the title should have led us to anticipate. The book introduces us to a number of the rather ordinary, sometimes wearisome people who make up society in a somewhat humdrum country town. Mr. Baring, the intolerant vicar of St. Barnabas, with his narrow views and "almost mediæval bigotry," is one of the most lifelike as well as one of the most irritating persons in the story; but it is the girl-artist, Lissie Horner, who makes the strongest appeal to our sympathies. There is much thoughtful discussion of religion, art, and other large topics, and though it is neither very illuminating nor very exciting it is all very readable.

THE PASSPORT. By Richard Bagot. 6s. (Methuen.)

A haughty and exclusive princess living with her beautiful seventeen-year-old step-daughter on the first floor of an ancient palace in Rome, with a cobbler, a mattress maker, a charcoal dealer, and other such carrying on business in the shops below her, and on the floor above a well-known but not aristocratic scientist with his daughter and, what is more important to the narrative, a handsome son: these, and a priest or so and a discreet governess, play the leading parts in "The Passport" and make a very delightful romance of it. The princess will not deign to recognise the scientist or any of his family, even when they pass her on the stairs, for though she is glad of the rent they pay her, they belong to a different and lower world, and she warns her step-daughter against making their acquaintance. But Silvio, the scientist's son, sees the nobly-born Bianca in church on Christmas Eve and, finely heedless of the barrier of caste prejudice that rises forbiddingly between them, falls in love with her at first sight. The fact that she secretly returns his passion makes his task easier, yet it is not easy. And so, among the glamorously sordid life of modern Rome and amidst the loveliness of the Sabine mountains the course of their love flows, roughly and darkly enough at times, to an ending that shall not be revealed. Mr. Bagot knows Rome intimately, and his pictures of its social life, vividly and cynically drawn, form an excellent worldly background for a love story that is charmingly idyllic.

BY THE GODS BELOVED. By Baroness Orczy. 6s. (Greening.)

The Baroness Orczy has the right wizard gift of the born romancist: whether she is contented to conjure with the world we know and to people her book with men of our own kind, as in "The Scarlet Pimpernel," or whether, as in "By the Gods Beloved," she takes us far into a marvellous imaginary country and fills her story with men and women of a race that is believed to have been extinct for thousands of years, she so subjugates and fascinates her reader that once he has opened her pages he cannot and has no desire to close them until he has come to the last one. Following up and completing the curious antiquarian studies of his father, Hugh Tankerville arrives, in a cleverly plausible fashion, at a knowledge of the existence, in remote and practically inaccessible depths of the Lybian desert, of a wonderful city inhabited by the descendants of the lost peoples of ancient Egypt, and pieces together a clue to the one possible way that will take him across the shifting sand dunes into it. How he and his friend Mark set out on this perilous journey and, safely accomplishing it, gain access to the unknown city, despite the fact that its one brazen gate is in a wall of rock a hundred feet above their heads; how, finding themselves unwittingly in the temple of Ra, behind the great figure of the god, they snatch at a lucky chance and,

emerging from the shadow, Hugh boldly announces that he and his friend are immortal spirits, the beloved of the gods, sent back again by them to serve this ancient people; the jealous doubt and rapturous belief with which they are received; the intrigues of love and hate and revenge in which they are presently entangled—all these and other such threads of light and darkness are woven very skilfully into a brilliant and absorbing romance.

THE SNARE OF STRENGTH. By Randolph Bedford. 6s. (Heinemann.)

This is a romance of political and mining life in modern Australia, and its author has evidently an exhaustive inside knowledge of his subject. He writes picturesquely and well, and except in one particular impresses us with the sheer truth of what he is telling. That a man of Gifford's passionate nature should, in the absence of Stralie Field, succumb to the sympathy and babyish feminine wiles of Mrs. Millinet is rendered perfectly plausible; but her husband having surprised his wife in Gifford's embrace, orders him out of the house, and for a longish time remains silent, Gifford continuing to occupy his place opposite him in the House of Representatives unexposed. Mrs. Millinet, however, chatters, and the scandal getting about, two of Gifford's political party try to save the situation by going to her and asking her to keep the secret as her husband is doing, and each of them is promptly intrigued by her silly tears and whimperings, and has held her in his arms and kissed her before he realises his folly and hastens from the house. As a result the scandal spreads; at the right moment Mr. Millinet, who is represented as loving his wife, tardily commences divorce proceedings, and after Gifford is politically ruined withdraws them, easily persuaded of his wife's fidelity. One is left rather sceptical of some of these details, and wishes, too, that the member, who is a bacon-curer, had not been called Hoggins; otherwise the story is a vigorously written and often brilliant piece of work. The scene in which Gifford declares his passion for Stralie is one of the finest, most rapturously lyrical love scenes in fiction.

LADY JIM OF CURZON STREET. By Fergus Hume. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

So long as Mr. Fergus Hume keeps close to his plot, his story is interesting; the central idea is ingenious, and he develops it very cleverly to an end that is new and striking, though a little too horrible to be in harmony with a romance of this type. It is only when he gives us incidental full length pictures of high society that Mr. Hume ceases to interest us; his smart talk is not really smart, his epigrams are forced and feeble, or too often admittedly quoted. There is so much of quotation in the book that, frankly, one gets rather irritated by it. The plot is suggested to Lady Jim by the plot of "The Woman in White," but one makes no objection to this, for a quite fresh plant is grown from the old seed; what one wearies of is the description of one character as resembling Dora in "David Copperfield," of another as being like Thackeray's Becky Sharp, of the wink of another being as eloquent as "Lord Burleigh's head-shake in 'The Critic,' Act. II., Scene 1"; and so forth. We refer to these small blemishes in the hope of inducing Mr. Fergus Hume not to resort again to such ineffectively pretentious methods. There is an art in writing good sensational novels, but a free display of one's acquaintance with standard and classical literature is no part of it, and this story is in itself so cunningly contrived and so successfully gives one the surprise of an unexpected turn towards the end that we are the more devoutly moved to wish its superfluous trimmings had been judiciously cut away.

THE CONQUEST OF JERUSALEM. By Myriam Harry. Translated by Terence Shiel. 6s. (Heinemann.)

There is in "The Conquest of Jerusalem" what is lacking in so much modern fiction, a brave fire of passion and a real glow and living heat of imaginative power. The story is of how Hélie Jamain, a young but already famous French savant, went into Palestine, a Roman Catholic in religion, but a fine pagan at heart, to search for buried memorials and inscriptions, to "exhume from the dust holy relics of the ancient faith," and "resolved to reconquer Jerusalem for the faith, not by the sword, but by science—that science of archæology which bids the dead past to live again." In Jerusalem he is wearied and disgusted with the senseless warring of the different Christian sects around the tomb of Christ; he makes enemies among them all, and being one day stricken down in the street is carried to a Protestant nursing home, and there wakening to a high passionate love of Cécile, one of the nursing sisters, marries her, and for her sake is an apostate from Rome. But only for a very little while can her passion rise to the rapturous heights of his own; she returns to Jerusalem with him from their honeymoon to fetter herself with needless and petty religious restraints, to be always checking his lover-like ardour with the pruderies of her small pieties; she has no sympathy with him in his studies, and when his researches bring him to an honest belief that paganism will persist and survive all the religions that seem to have superseded it, she is shocked into siding with his opponents. He is disillusioned every way; he solaces himself with other loves, but the only one who is faithful to the end is one who loves him but for whom he has nothing but pity—a beautiful girl who is cursed with leprosy and half-crazed, and, living in the leper colony outside the walls, watches for him to pass, believing he is the Messiah and can make her clean. The story, which ends in tragedy—as such a story of such a man must—is greatly imagined and written with a rare sense of the beauty and joy of the world and the poetry and terror and sadness of human life. Mr. Shiel's translating is so admirably done that the book does not read like a translation.

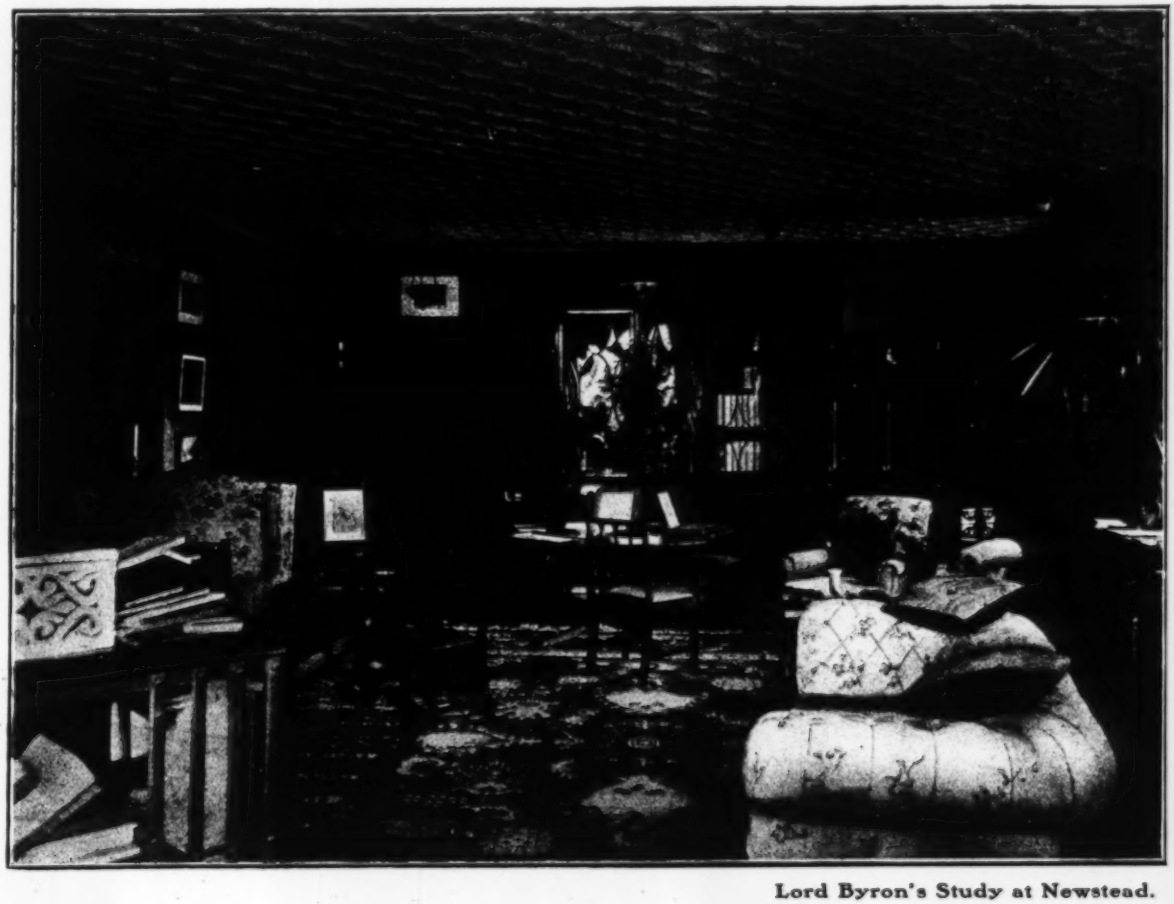
THE STORM CENTRE. By Charles Egbert Craddock. 6s. (Macmillan.)

There is less of actual fighting in this than in most of the many romances that have been written round the American Civil War; the thunder of battle is about it in the distance, but at the "storm centre"—in and about the Southern household where the story is placed—there is an atmosphere that is very like peace. Captain Baynell, a Federal officer of artillery, is in camp on the shores of the Tennessee River, and near by is the house of Judge Roscoe, a Southerner who had been an old friend of his father's. The Judge's household comprises his niece, a beautiful widow, whose late husband had spent her fortune and treated her with revolting brutality, and his three little grandchildren, known facetiously as "the ladies." As the result of a slight courtesy, Captain Baynell makes acquaintance with the family, and presently, being stricken with a severe attack of bronchitis, is admitted into the Judge's mansion, and nursed by these friendly enemies. During his stay there, the Judge's younger son gets through the Federal lines, and is concealed under his father's roof, unknown either to Baynell or to the sad young widow with whom he is by this time deeply in love. Here are all the possibilities of a stirring and gallant romance, and the practised hand of Miss Murfree makes the most of every one of them. There is an enthralling court-martial scene, in which the innocent but mistaken evidence of a small deaf and dumb witness disastrously prejudices the trial; everywhere the book is brightly and picturesquely written, and the interest of it never flags.

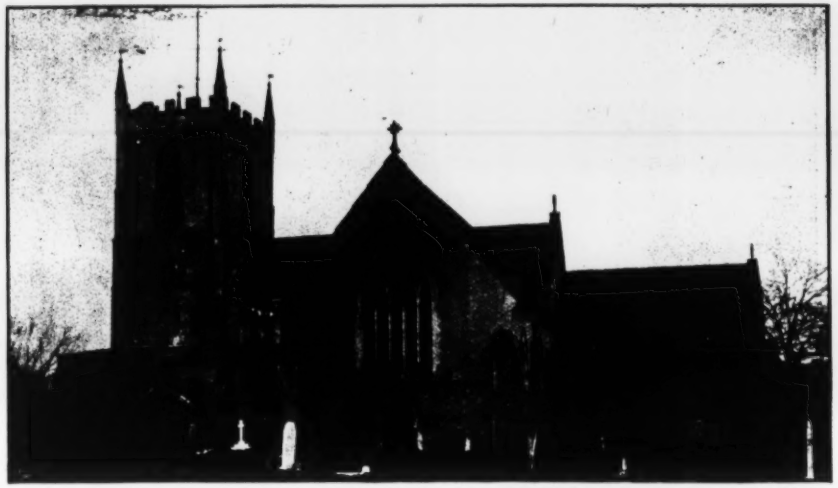
WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD. By E. M. Forster. 6s. (Blackwood.)

This is a book which one begins with pleased interest and gradually finds to be astonishing. Its amusing facility becomes amusing cleverness, and then, almost without realising the development, we find that the cleverness is of a larger style than we thought, and the main issues of life are confronting us where we looked for trivialities. The author takes half-a-dozen or so apparently commonplace people, picks out their little tremors and foibles with a finger which just escapes being cruel; and then, with no greater events than a visit to Monteriano, a wrong marriage, a brown baby, and a few little happenings, he depicts greatness, and Italy, and the point where humanity touches divinity; the whole thing being done with an appearance of jocularity which is very engaging and a truthfulness which is, by contrast, almost startling. The apparently commonplace people are none of them commonplace in Mr. Forster's hands. Mrs. Herriton, the mother-in-law; Harriet,

Newstead Abbey, West Front View.



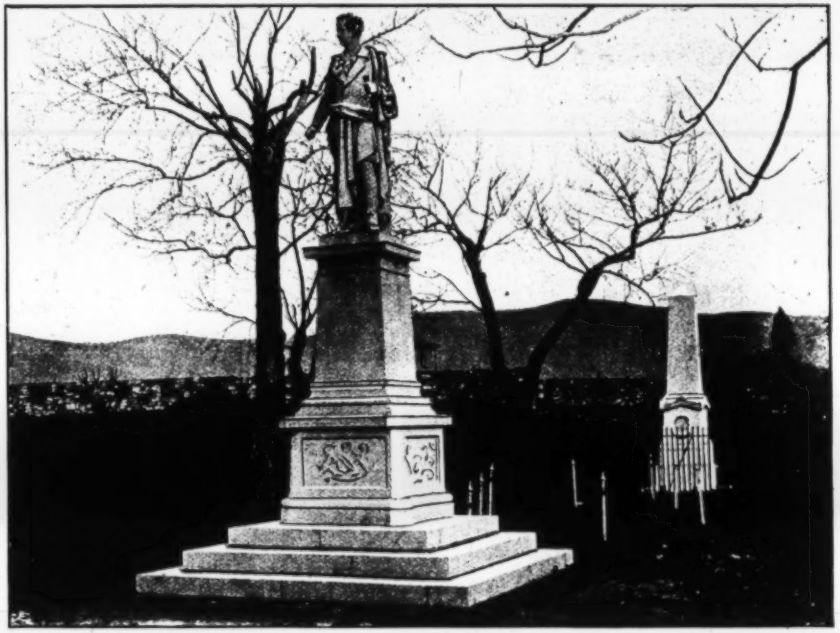
Lord Byron's Study at Newstead.



Hucknall Torkard Church, where Byron was buried.

Interior of Hucknall Torkard Church, showing Memorial Stone to Byron.

Statue of Lord Byron and his dog Boatswain, by Belt.



Grave of Byron's Heart at Missolinghi.

her solid, serious daughter; Philip, her artistic, clever, ineffective son; Lilia, her vulgar, widowed daughter-in-law who—to keep her out of mischief and give her culture—is sent travelling with the respectable but surprising Caroline Abbot; and Gino, the impossible Italian with whom Lilia falls in love—they are all distinct, and amusing, and fillipic in effect. The story is like the characters, the characters are like the story—at first clever, attractive, and seemingly with no heart, then swept almost into tragedy while scarcely knowing it. The book stands out as unusual and convincing, with its uniqueness and its persuasion accomplished in an unexpectedly fresh manner.

BECAUSE OF JOCK. By E. L. Haverfield. 6s. (Allen.)

The descriptions of village life and character in "Because of Jock" are so excellently done that one wishes for more of them. The story is, in the main, the story of Captain Thornton's mistaken love for the pretty and heartless Fan Pearce, and his awakening to a knowledge of his love for Elspeth M'Leod after he has irrevocably bound himself to the other woman. There are pictures of the fighting in the Boer war, where Jock M'Leod practically loses his own life in saving Thornton's, and Thornton returns home alone to see that justice is done to the girl Jock had secretly married, and incidentally finds happiness for himself and a happy ending to the whole book. It is an interesting story, written carefully and with a leisurely ease; it is coloured with quiet touches of humour and pathos, and the characterisation is unusually good.

MISS LOMAX, MILLIONAIRE. By Bessie Parker. 6s. (Blackwood.)

The tricks of a vivacious girl are recounted brightly in this novel. Miss Parker's style and plot are unambitious, but her heroine has the gifts of wealth and repartee, and the wealth brings lovers buzzing to the lady, while the repartee to some extent keeps them off. When Miss Lomax changes places with her friend Miss Harraden, and goes off governessing, leaving Miss Harraden to cover her retreat, we know quite well what will happen. But it happens entertainingly, and it happens to breathing persons in real houses and gardens, not to puppets in a marionette show. As a beguiling, lively chronicle of comparatively unimportant events, the story of Miss Lomax's maxims, millions, and matrimonial affairs is to be recommended.

RAW MATERIAL. By Phyllis Bottome. 6s. (John Murray.)

The "Raw Material" which Miss Bottome uses is chiefly "boy"—the barge-boy, the factory-boy, the street-boy, indeed the stuff which stands for the young male of uncultivated manners and any rough occupation. And we confess that although we suspect a fair amount of our sympathy to be gained by reason of the author's clever selection, we infinitely prefer her raw material at its rawest to the type exemplified in Mr. Potts, the foreman at the factory, the "young, fair man, with a strict mouth and respectable eyes"—features desirable enough, perhaps, in their way, but too often accompanying an intolerable self-righteousness. "It is easier," says the writer, "to move the most hardened criminal, than to change for half a second the impervious outlook of a good young man. Mr. Potts was a good young man, and he would always be perfectly sure that he was right." It is a nature which makes for success, not, unfortunately, for affection. Miss Bottome does not gloss over realities, she does not end every episode tidily, with the ruffian's face shining from soap and water and his pew in church regularly occupied; but she knows that the ruffian often has a heart, and that there is a right and a wrong way of getting at it. The book makes humorous reading and teaches without lecturing.

A LOST CAUSE. By Guy Thorne. 6s. (John Long.)

Mr. Guy Thorne wrote a book in which cleverness and silliness struggled for the mastery. It was recommended by bishops and others, and "When it was Dark" has rejoiced author and publisher by running to a sale of ninety thousand. Encouraged by this success, the writer has plunged once more into controversial fiction. Bishops will probably be more reserved on this occasion. The lost cause is the cause of Protestantism in England, which exists for Mr. Thorne only in the form of a Kensit crusade, and that manipulated according to his own imagination. He is careful to say that he has drawn no portraits, and that may be allowed. He does not disclaim the art of caricature, but he can hardly be said to exercise even that, except in intention. One may think poorly of the Kensits, father and son, without wishing to see them travestied into Mr. Thomas Hamlyns. In his "Lord Huddersfield," whom the profane call "the ritualistic Johnny," he has at all events refrained from reproducing the external circumstances of any known nobleman. It is a singular fact that cheap and "tawdry" fiction, which has long been used freely on the Protestant side in controversy, has hardly been employed at all on the opposite side. This distresses Mr. Thorne, as he explains with much simplicity in his preface, and he is resolved to wipe away the reproach. An alarming prospect opens up of ritualistic novels. But perhaps this venture will not run to a sale of ninety thousand.

ISIDRO. By Mary Austin. 6s. (Archibald Constable and Co.)

There is much in Mary Austin's book, "Isidro," which proves its author to possess many of the essential qualities which go to the making of a good novelist. Breadth of sympathy alone could have given so much individuality to the many varying types of character which appear in her pages. It requires vivid imagination and no small knowledge of human nature to write such a chapter as that entitled "The Place of Wolves." A very genuine power of description is manifest in the realistic scene of "Forest Fire," where the simple pathos of Mascado's unrequited love and heroic death is masterly. Miss Austin's novel has unquestionably many strong points. At the same time its author has not grasped the fact that the heaping together of good material does not necessarily make a good novel. It requires talent to write a theme. It needs knowledge and perseverance to work it out. Discrimination and restraint are vital to all first-class work. A lack of these has resulted in a broken and confused narrative and a general absence of order which detract much from the reader's pleasure.

LAGDEN'S LUCK. By Tom Gallon. 3s. 6d. series. (Arrowsmith.)

If one admits that this tale of Mr. Gallon's, like some of his earlier stories, has a pleasant flavour of Dickens about it, that Mr. Clement Firth is own brother to Mr. Micawber and Mr. Harold Skimpole, and Miss Nudds a full cousin of Miss Susan Nipper, it must at once be added that the materials of the tale are both fresh and alluring. The plot revolves round a certain diamond, which proves fatal to most of its possessors. Mr. Gallon brings it before his readers in a sufficiently dramatic scene, in which the rascally Mr. Josiah Lagden, pretending to be on his deathbed, conveys it to Dora Firth, his landlord's daughter, whom he marries under false pretences. His disappearance a few hours afterwards starts a long series of entanglements, tragical and humorous, which it is the business of Mr. Gallon's bright pages to unfold. A brisk, readable story, full of human sympathy and engrossing scenes.

THE ROOK'S NEST. By G. W. Appleton. 6s. (John Long.)

As the title suggests, this is a tale of modern fraud. Mr. Edward Lart, an Oxford graduate, private secretary to a respectable and wealthy gentleman in a St. John's Wood villa, is naturally surprised to see a fair woman's face in the mirror of his private apartment, and this forms only the first of many mysteries which gather round his employer's house and occupation. The real character of Mr. Golightly is soon surmised by the reader. Lart, who has the ill-luck to resemble in face and figure certain members of an international gang of thieves, is made an innocent pawn in several conspiracies. But he swims clear of his troubles at the last, and a rather commonplace plot is rounded off to the satisfaction of all moral and legal interests.

THE HOUSE OF CARDS. A Record. By John Heigh, sometime Major, U.S.V. 6s. (The Macmillan Company.)

The plan of this novel tends to make it somewhat episodical, but the broad effect is undoubted, and the variety of

scenes brings out the author's versatility. A satirical tinge lies over most of his earlier pages. Others are dramatic in a high degree, and one or two show real idyllic power, while the account of Kriemhild's development evinces considerable psychological insight. In a word, this seems a book of rare distinction. The contents are better than the construction; for the last of its six parts is chronologically a sequel to the first, while the intervening four purport to be a record of earlier days read by an old sentimental bachelor to a young friend after a dinner-party described in the first part. "I once belonged," says the hero, "to our volunteer forces in the civil war; but that is over long since, and I have just joined another command. Maybe you don't know it—you're not old enough; it's Shakspeare's Sixty-sixth Sonneeters. . . . No, you are not eligible until you're past forty. It's the Tired Regiment." The contrast between this bitter, reminiscent narrator and his fresh, enthusiastic young friend, Waltham Eliot, is excellently conceived; but not less so is the central tale of how the house of Linsey Cards came to be built; of how the three friends, Clayton, Eliot, and Heigh, passed through their tragical career, and of how American society changed after the civil war. The author is plainly well-read. His book stands out from the common throng by virtue of its crisp, telling style and a wealth of ideas—all more or less bearing upon certain Transatlantic phases of modern life and thought. It is a pleasure to read it, and a grateful duty to recommend it to any who may be upon the outlook for fresh work in modern fiction.

THE MAN WHO WON. By Mrs. Baillie-Reynolds. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Bert Mestaer, violent, dogged, brutally strong, is contemptuously rebuffed by the girl he loves, and devotes himself resolutely to the disciplining of his own rough nature and to the winning of her in her despite. His character is drawn finely and vividly, as, too, is that of Millie Lutwyche, the girl he loves. From her early days in South Africa, to the later period when she is living with her priggish, self-righteous relatives and their bevy of deceitful daughters in England, she tantalises the reader and carries his sympathies with her irresistibly. There should have been some more plausible reason for her secretly changing bedrooms for one night with her cousin Gwen; and when Gwen has got out of the window and is seen by her father seated on the steps without, talking to a man at an hour when all the household is supposed to be asleep, that her father should not go out to her there and then is extremely unlikely. He might mistake her for Milly, as he does, but a man who is so prompt in spreading scandal of her later would not have waited until next day to inquire into the incident, and so have left the way clear for misunderstandings that are useful in the development of the story. Apart from these little details, the plot is in every way admirable; it is full of incident and surprises, and is written throughout with uncommon skill.

JANE SHORE. By J. E. Muddock. 6s. (John Long.)

The sad history of Jane Shore has been dramatised, but has never before, so far as we know, been made the theme of a novel. It is a tragic story, appealing strongly to the imagination, but recalling only too many other victims of royal lust. But Mr. Muddock, by filling in the gaps in history in some places and by boldly defying tradition in others, has constructed a moving and pathetic narrative. He has shown no small skill in blending fiction and history, and has contrived to convey a distinct sense of the atmosphere of the time to the reader's mind. Jane Shore lived in a lurid and picturesque age, and Mr. Muddock may be right in contending that much of the glamour of romance which surrounds Edward IV. is due to his association with this remarkable and pathetic figure. Anyhow, whether Mr. Muddock is a sound historian or not, he is certainly an effective writer, and has succeeded in giving us a striking version of one of the most dramatic episodes in English history.

ONE OF A MOB. By Nat Gould. 2s. 6d. (John Long.)

The ways of a man with a horse are proverbially strange. No man has ever yet told the truth about a horse, and the subject would therefore seem to lend itself to imaginative treatment, and yet even an enthusiast like Mr. Gould seems to feel the need to interpolate a little love-making between one race and another. To parody the popular phrase, "One of a Mob" is a "novel of strong equine interest." The racing is the main thing, and the love-making is merely incidental. Mr. Gould is always glad to "cut the cackle and come to the 'osses." Unfortunately a horse race, except for those who are betting on the result, is the next dullest thing to watching a teetotum spin or a roulette wheel, and to make a mere description of a race exciting demands greater literary skill than Mr. Gould possesses. "One of a Mob" is a straightforward, unpretentious story which should appeal to equine enthusiasts. As for the ordinary reader, no doubt Mr. Gould will be content to be ignored by those benighted persons who regard the horse as an obsolescent quadruped, destined shortly to be replaced by the motor-car.

THE QUAKERESS. By Max Adeler. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

It not infrequently happens, both in novels and real life, that girls fall in love with highly undesirable men. In real life the difficulties to which this gives rise are obvious enough, but they are difficulties for the parents to solve rather than the psychologist. In the case of the novel, however, the problem is different, because the problem for the novelist is to make the wrong man sufficiently attractive to excuse the charming heroine's mistaken preference. This is a very serious difficulty, as the reader must not be misled. He must have no doubt which is the right and which the wrong man, and yet the wrong man must be rendered sufficiently fascinating to make the heroine's fatal passion appear at least intelligible. It may be argued, of course, that in actual fact the reasons which make people fall in love with one another are very far from being intelligible. But this does not affect the problem from the novelist's point of view. It is one of the many points in which the novelist has to improve on real life. It must be confessed that Mr. Adeler has not grappled very successfully with this difficulty. He has made the wrong man so obviously wrong that we are merely annoyed at the heroine's perversity. For the rest, the comic relief is not bad, though a trifle ponderous. On the whole, we prefer the Max Adeler who wrote "Elbow Room."

TOMMY CARTERET. By Justus Miles Forman. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Young Tommy Carteret takes upon himself the transgression of his father, an elderly *roué*, and is condemned by the injured husband to exile himself to a desolate spot remote from civilisation and society. This is an effective idea as the opening of a story, but Mr. Forman fails to convince us that suspicion would naturally have fallen on young Tommy, whose character was good, instead of upon old Tommy, an old reprobate with no character at all. A jealous husband is not, perhaps, a good judge of evidence, but this remains a weak point in the plot. In his exile Carteret is thrown in company with a handsome, half-savage girl who, much to his disgust, falls violently in love with him. Scandal fomented by a rejected lover of Marianna's forces Carteret to propose marriage, with full knowledge of the life to which he is condemning himself. But jealousy is strong in primitive people, and almost at the moment of his marriage Carteret is shot in the head, and Marianna is killed. Immediately on his recovery Carteret learns that the jealous husband and his gaoler has died conveniently of heart disease, and that he is free to marry the girl who has all this time been waiting for him. But his brain has been injured, and he is constantly haunted by a vision of the unhappy Marianna, so nearly his wife, who seems to pursue him with an intense physical, not to say animal, yearning. How Tommy ultimately found happiness we leave the reader to find out. It is enough to say that Mr. Forman has written a story of distinct power and originality, showing a sound instinct for a dramatic situation.

THE MAID OF THE RIVER. By Mrs. Campbell Praed. 6s. (John Long.)

Mrs. Campbell Praed is one of the most readable of the novelists of Australian life. To begin with, she is more

intelligible. There is less slang in her books than is usual in Australian novels. So far as we remember, no one in "The Maid of the River" cooks or boils a "billy," whatever that mysterious article may be. In fact, the only really unintelligible word which occurs in the book is "humpy." What a "humpy" is we have not the remotest idea. But the rest of the book would be intelligible to the rawest "new chum." Yet the whole atmosphere of the story is distinctively Australian. It is the work of one intimately acquainted with the country. The local colour is real; it is part of the book, and not simply daubed on after a few months' cursory study. The plot is elementary. It is the familiar story of the confiding girl and the fascinating seducer, and it suffers from the usual weakness that the seducer is not sufficiently seductive. Nuni Destiac is a pathetic figure, but her innocence is almost inconceivably childish; and Stewart, the villain of the piece, is such a heartless and repellent blackguard that we fail to understand Nuni's preference for him. Infatuation of this kind is only explicable where there is real passion, and Mrs. Praed is too far lacking in passion to make her heroine's conduct convincing.

PLAYING THE KNAVE. By Florence Warden. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

This is in every way the most thoroughgoing and exasperatingly fascinating sensational story we have lighted on this season. It bristles with daring improbabilities, but while we are reading we are not disposed to admit, even to ourselves, that they are improbable; we much prefer to believe in the likelihood of every one of them, such is the spell that it cunningly imposes upon us. Will Reynolds, an absconding bank clerk, makes an unsuccessful attempt to shoot himself; and a motor-car accident on the road near by gives him an amazing opportunity to assume the identity and enter into possession of the wealth and property of a consumptive baronet who is lying dead by the shattered motor. Only one of the baronet's servants suspects the deception; the girl the baronet was engaged to is puzzled by an indefinable change in his appearance, yet does not really doubt that he is her affianced; nobody, indeed, detects him except the late baronet's valet, and he proves to be a rascal who winked at the fraud for purposes of his own. You may say that on the face of it the whole thing is preposterous; but read it, and you will be so enmeshed in its ingenious plausibilities that you won't care whether it is or not—you will be satisfied to enjoy it and ask no questions. An excellent novel of its kind, written with unusual care and craftsmanship.

FOR HEART-O'-GOLD. A Romantic Novel. By Constance Smedley. 6s. (Harper and Brothers.)

The present reviewer has not had the good fortune to read Miss Smedley's earlier stories, but if they are at all equal to this admirably conceived romance, they must be novels to be picked out of the stream of common fiction. Prince Heart-o'-Gold, disguised as a swineherd, goes to see and win a Princess Paula, who dwells in the land of Proper Pride. Three strolling players secretly follow the prince from the land of Warm Hearts, and the plot of the tale is the manner in which, at the touch of love, Paula frees her soul from the conventional, proud etiquette of the palace, and after some rough jolts on the road, rejoins the prince. Between the two lands lies the town of True Worth, and there the court jester, with his queer, human soul, is left at the end of the story. His character, and those of Cheery the actress, Prince Henry, and the major figures, are most deftly drawn. From first to last, the story is instinct with feeling and insight; it is a distinct and delightful success in its own line of imaginative romance.

THE SOW'S EAR. By E. L. Haverfield. 6s. (George Allen.)

Like Miss Haverfield's previous stories, this novel is a delightful and graphic sketch of English country life. Helen Dawson, upon the death of her supposed aunt, Lady Clanfield, finds that she is really the daughter of people who parted with her as a baby. Returning from Florence to Gloucestershire in search of them, this cultured woman discovers they are *parvenus* of a vulgar, odious type, and the story—which it would be unfair to betray—gathers round the trying experiences of poor Helen in love and in society. The dialogue of the book is capitally managed. The authoress knows rural life to the core, and her skill reminds one pleasantly of Mrs. Gaskell. Brinkwater and Cranford are kindred spots. But Miss Haverfield is no echo or copy. She has a vein of her own, and she has worked it to some purpose in these attractive pages.

ARROWS OF FORTUNE. By Algernon Gissing. 6s. (J. W. Arrowsmith.)

This story as it were misses the target of success only by inches. The motive, a heritage of revenge, is not new, but there is something new in the tone and atmosphere which Mr. Gissing sedulously maintains. The heroine is a fine figure, but a finer, had the author realised the potentialities, would have been the smuggler's widow. It seems to us the book fails because it hesitates between the romance of brisk deeds and that of moods and emotional spurrings to action, and because, losing the attractions of both classes, it does not succeed in establishing an attractive class for itself.

THE BRIDGE OF LIFE. By Dorothea Gerard. 6s. (Methuen.)

With a decidedly original plot and some clever characterisation, "The Bridge of Life" is a novel of more than average qualities. Dr. Lamont has a rooted belief in heredity, and his first wife dying of cancer quickens this belief into a benevolent fanaticism. An illness and a long sojourn in India are fruitful of results. He brings himself to a conviction, at last, that as an act of mercy and for the total betterment of the race, it were more than justifiable to put a painless end to the life of any human creature whose ancestors were known to have been unsound in body or brain, for though the disease might miss a generation it is bound to crop up again in the future, and can never be eradicated. In India he becomes possessed of a subtle and terrible drug that will bring about heart failure in whoever takes it, and yet leave no trace that can be discovered on a subsequent examination, and returning home with this, he resumes his hospital work and puts his plan into practice sadly enough, but from a high sense of duty. His only daughter loves and is to marry a Lieutenant Barclay, but on the eve of the wedding it transpires in a startling fashion that the Lieutenant's father was a dipsomaniac, and so far from being dead, as was generally supposed, is lingering out a living death in an asylum. The doctor stops the wedding, but cannot induce his daughter to break with her lover, who had grown up in ignorance of all concerning his father, and was untainted by his degeneracy. Then, the Lieutenant meeting with a shooting accident, Dr. Lamont undertakes to operate upon him, and so has the opportunity to act on his theory, perform a successful operation, and arrange that his patient shall die of heart failure a week later. It is an absorbing story, and is constructed and written with conspicuous ability.

THE GREY CLOAK. By Harold MacGrath. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

The story here opens with a masked man in a grey cloak getting secretly in at the window of a magnificent mansion by means of a rope ladder, and with the connivance of somebody within, to search a private cabinet by candle light and discover an important document. Just as he slips the document into the pocket of his cloak he is startled by a voice behind him, turns in time to defend himself from the attack of an elderly man who carries a drawn sword, and after a gallant cut and thrust encounter, leaves the old man mortally wounded, dashes downstairs, bowling over various retainers of the house as he goes, flies along the street hotly pursued, slips through a tavern and out at a back window, but loses his cloak by the way—it catches on a nail in the window and is torn from his shoulders, and a stranger in the tavern appropriates it, rolls it up, with that document in the pocket, and departs with it unobserved. You look for startling developments from such a promising beginning, and are in no wise disappointed. The scenes are laid in Paris, and later in various parts of Canada, and the romance is one of love and intrigue and mystery and desperate adventure, a little machine made, perhaps, but excellent in its kind. The illustrations by Mr. Thomas Mitchell Peirce are exceptionally fine.

The Bookman's Table.

THE ISLAND OF TRANQUIL DELIGHTS. By Charles Warren Stoddard. 6s. net. (Chatto.)

It matters little what Mr. Stoddard writes about; he has the rare and indefinable gift of making his readers interested in anything and everything, however trivial, that has interested himself. He is a man of luxurious moods and leisurely imaginative temperament, and writes always with a gracious suavity, a natural witchery of style that is compounded of sentiment and airy humour in almost equal parts. Of the eleven idylls in "The Island of Tranquil Delights," it were vain to try and settle which are the finer; there is no possible comparison betwixt such an exquisitely dream-like episode as goes to the making of "One Christmas Eve," and such differing and poignantly realistic studies as "A Sawdust Fairy" or "Absent Beyond Seas"; it is sufficient that each one of the eleven, even the flimsiest and most inconsequent of them, is alive with some subtle human touch, has some brilliantly pictorial effectiveness, or is suffused with some elusive loveliness of poetic fancy to which none who is able to appreciate the gentler, more delicate nuances of literary art can be indifferent.

THE VOYAGEUR. By William Henry Drummond. 5s. net. (Putnam.)

Most of these ballads and songs are written in a French-Canadian dialect that is, at first glance, something of an obstacle to English readers. It is a dialect that has not much charm either of quaintness or melody, yet it is essential as helping to stamp the poems with their individual character, and the difficulties of it are more apparent than real. The book has caught no little of the wild spirit and harsh, bleak atmosphere of the snowy north-west of Canada. Here is the voyageur, travelling on his dog-drawn sledge and in his primitive canoe into the wintry wilderness of the north; the hunter in the forest, on the hillside, and "down on de beeg savane"; here, too, you have stories of the champion pig-sticker, of the settler Louis Desjardins and his deal with the devil, and varied pictures, touched with occasional humour and pathos, of home and out-of-door life as it is lived by men and women on the lonely fringes of civilisation. There is poetry in nearly all these poems, poetry obscured by the dialect until you have familiarised yourself with it, but it is their simple realism and intimate human interest that give them their highest value. The volume is admirably illustrated by Mr. Frederick Simpson Coburn.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MISSIONS. By Dwight, Tupper, and Bliss. Revised Edition. £1 5s. (Funk and Wagnalls Co.)

The collection of statistics on matters religious is thought by some to be a tempting of Providence, and by others a necessary metre to measure the trend of religious work. The former point with the finger of almost superstitious awe to King David in one of his weaker moments, and the others are certainly open to the temptation of resting too much on mere figures. But inasmuch as all organisations, religious and otherwise, must needs have some kind of register for purposes of supplying useful information, a well-built encyclopædia would seem to steer well between the two extremes just mentioned. The vast amount of Christian effort, with its permeations all over the world, warrants at the present time a sure and trusty book of reference containing concise articles, historical and explanatory, figures presumably trustworthy and up to date, appendices, indices, etc. Such a book should be a mine of information to one who would explore its recesses. With some such general conditions we turn over the pages of the Encyclopedia of Missions to see if it realises our expectations. On the whole, this mountain of labour has been formed with skill, judgment, fairness, and success. At the outset the editors found themselves in the not unusual dilemma of having to choose between abundance of matter and narrowness of space, with the result, as they admit, that matter had to be cut down and in some cases (as we have tested) omitted altogether. Whilst we grant the necessity we regret the loss, for it hinders us from saying what we would like to say—that the work is full and perfect. The special articles claim our notice first, and of these we say that they are fully and ably written, and treated of in such a spirit of fairness that we can find no trace of the odium theologicum, a spirit as welcome as it is refreshing and restful. They also seem to be, on the whole, well up to date. We say, on the whole, for in the article on "Hausa" land and language there is no mention made of the dictionary (Hausa-English) now being prepared, nor of the Gospel of St. John already (we believe) through the Cambridge Press, and yet the name of the translator appears in Appendix IV. (By the way, there is a misprint in the notice at the head of Appendix IV.) In some instances writers of special articles give the names of authorities whom they have consulted, and thus give to readers a ground, should they wish to use it, of assessing the articles. The majority of the articles are from American pens, and show a remarkable acquaintance with English works: one more pleasing testimony to the growth of the interchange of books between America and England which has made such rapid strides in recent years owing to the enterprise of publishers on both sides of the Atlantic. We confess to grudging the space given to a place that has no mission (*e.g.*, Lenakel), and the omission of Newfoundland, which has a prosperous one, or more. The articles on persons and those on places and countries, perforce short, are admirably condensed. The appendices and statistical tables we believe to be trustworthy.

PRACTICAL HINTS ON PAINTING: COMPOSITION LANDSCAPE AND ETCHING. By Henry F. W. Ganz. 125 pp. 2s. 6d. net. (Gibbings and Co.)

A student's handbook, abounding with excellent technical instruction, and freely illustrated by line and half-tone reproductions of originals by the author and others. The section on etching and kindred methods is somewhat scantily dealt with, but the chapters on "Values," "Composition," and "Landscape" are quite excellent. The earlier portion of the book is chiefly concerned with sketching and painting, head and figure studies (direct and indirect methods), and will be found of great assistance to those who cannot have personal instruction or supervision.

RHYMES OF THE EAST, AND RECOLLECTED VERSES. By Dum-Dum. 3s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

During the past few years "Dum-Dum" has become a familiar signature to readers of "Punch" and "Maga." The verses reprinted in this volume have nearly all had the imprimatur of Mr. Punch, which is tantamount to saying that they reach a high standard of occasional poetry. For the most part they deal in a pleasantly humorous way with a soldier's experiences in India. The verses are invariably smooth, but "Dum-Dum" is unequal, and has not the witty felicity of phrase which characterises the best work of the school of Praed, Calverley, and Seaman. "The Finest View" shows the writer at his best:

> "Farewell, farewell, thou best of Views!
> I leave thee to thy pain,
> And while I have the power to choose,
> We shall not meet again;
> But 'mid the scenes of joy and mirth,
> My fancies oft will turn
> Back to the Finest Sight on Earth,
> The Bombay Lights—*astern!*"

THE OLD SERVICE BOOKS OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH. By Christopher Wordsworth, M.A., and Henry Littlehales. The Antiquary's Books. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

Lest the title of this book should cause the general reader to think it intended for students only, and, further, lest the series of Antiquary's Books, under which it is issued, should carry the idea of dryness and mustiness, we assure him, at the outset, that even a nodding acquaintance only will allure him to a closer friendship. For scholarship, accuracy, and painstaking care the authors' names are ample guarantee. Notwithstanding the book's many technical terms, it is written in such language that anyone who runs may easily read, even if he be not a student of forms of prayer. Concerning the religious services during the centuries before the Reformation of the 16th century, there exist, speaking generally, hazy ideas and too often profound ignorance. It is credulously assumed that the lay folk were

uninstructed, even purposely so, were cajoled in life and at death by a covetous priesthood, and that idolatry was supreme. Issues from the Record Office and the Early English Text Society (we advisedly them put first), and work from private pens, have done much to dispel this illusion and foster a more correct judgment. Now, in addition, come the Old Service Books of the English Church, in which we are taken in detail through those for the Laity, those for the Priesthood, and those for the Episcopate. Exquisite facsimiles, some in colour, from missals, from private and public prayer books, from inventory, from notated psalm and hymn book, certainly adorn as well as illustrate the pages. We are informed of each book's contents, use, meaning, and where examples of such can be found; the eye of the reader sees each reference bracketed in the letterpress itself, instead of having constantly to look at footnotes. The habit of remembering that up to Caxton's time, or say the middle of the 15th century, every book was perforce written by hand, will make us appreciate the labour, the time, the care spent on making it; and when we look at the exquisite subtilty of handicraft in writing, clear as print, but less stiff and formal (as in a page of a seventh century Psalter, or, better still, on the delicate brush work of an illuminated page of a 15th century folk's Prayer book), we cannot but admire and wonder. So far from keeping lay folk in ignorance, there is ample evidence here, from inventories of private and public books, boldly to assert the contrary. The authors have made some use of that indefatigable worker the Rev. W. H. Frere. The last fifty pages are devoted to miscellaneous subjects, *e.g.*, diptychs, satchels, desks, anchorites, pardons, etc.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. DUCKWORTH AND COMPANY.

Pisanello (7s. 6d. net), by G. F. Hill, M.A. (of the Department of Coins, British Museum), is a scholarly and sound piece of writing dealing with the work of Vittore Pisano, commonly called Pisanello, to distinguish him from the artists of the Niccolo Pisano school. Pisanello, if not the inventor of the craft of medal making, at any rate may be regarded as the "father" of medal making as a Fine Art. The author ably deals with the artist in his twofold character, *i.e.*, as painter and medallist, and adds greatly to the value of the book by the inclusion of a fine series of well-printed reproductions of photographs taken from plaster casts, in turn derived from the master's originals. Many of these medals are entirely beautiful, and convincingly show the fine modelling and drawing of the artist, who, with just pride, signs them "Opus Pisani Pictoris."

The Tyrol (5s. net) is a chatty volume of the modern guide-book style, by an author who, writing from an American standpoint, bears the strongly Scottish name of W. D. McCrackan. He trained, drove, or tramped over the fair land Tyrol in a happy and sympathetic spirit, sympathising with the people and their simple ways, glowing in appreciation of their virtues, and voluble in praise of their valleys and mountains. With a sufficient amount of historical matter and sufficient attention to the great Tyrolese past and present, he gives a sufficiently personal touch to his guidance to raise his work above a mere handbook. It will prove a pleasant companion on a pleasant holiday, or—if holidays are over for the moment—a pleasant retrospect or an alluring invitation for the future. In any of these aspects its excellent illustrations will add to its value.

MR. ELKIN MATHEWS.

We have hitherto known Mr. John Masefield as the writer of some stirring ballads, but **A Mainsail Haul** (1s.) shows that he can write prose with the same breezy vigour which distinguishes his verse. This is a collection of short sailor stories, genuine "yarns," the best of which Mr. Masefield learnt from an old sailor, by name Wallace Blair, who taught seamanship on the *Conway*. Unless Blair was a man of quite exceptional imaginative power, Mr. Masefield must have worked up these yarns considerably, for they are as good as anything of the kind which we have ever read. They are racy and pungent, with the real smack of the sea, full of quaint ideas and old nautical phrases. "A Mainsail Haul" is an admirable and uncommon bit of work.

FREDERICK WARNE AND CO.

Mr. Silas Hocking is one of those voluminous writers whose uniformity of style and tone make a review almost superfluous. **The Conquering Will** (3s. 6d.), written with Mr. Hocking's usual facility, is a straightforward, honest tale of the course of true love, which takes about three hundred pages before it begins to run smooth. It is the story of a girl who refuses the man she loves at the bidding of a valetudinarian sister. Eventually the sister herself succeeds in ensnaring an apparently timid curate. Luckily for everyone else, the curate was not so timid as he looked, and once safely installed in the rectory to which his bride's father appoints him, he takes that lady's education in hand with the salutary roughness which seems to be the only effectual remely for hysteria. You cannot, as one of Mrs. Craigie's characters says somewhere, make a leopard change his spots, but you can help him to be a decent leopard. The curate, ironically named Mr. Plenty, would never succeed in making Elizabeth Cleveland an unselfish woman, but he helped her at any rate to be "a decent leopard." Meanwhile the younger sister marries the successful artist who has been waiting, rather impatiently and with suicidal moments, for this happy consummation. And so the novel ends, as it should, with wedding bells.

MR. FISHER UNWIN.

Brahms, if we remember rightly, devoted no small part of his career to writing "variations on a theme," generally a theme by Handel; but the variations were so numerous and so astonishingly varied that these compositions were free from any taint of plagiarism. Unfortunately in the case of novels the limits of possible variations are not so wide, and the want of originality in the choice of the theme becomes more conspicuous than the originality displayed in the variations. Consequently when we find Mr. Charles Owen writing variations on a theme by Stevenson, we cannot help feeling that **Captain Sheen** (6s.) would have been more original if Mr. Owen had had the misfortune never to have read "Treasure Island." For the early chapters of "Captain Sheen" have a distressingly close resemblance to the opening part of "Treasure Island." There is the same drunken pirate settling down to drink rum in a peaceful country village, and the same raw youth who is shown the map of the spot where the treasure is hidden. There is also the inevitable second pirate bent on obtaining the priceless map. In fine, almost all the members of the old stock company are trotted out. It is a pity, for Mr. Owen, as the later chapters show, can write truculently enough of bloodshed and massacre. But he really ought to leave "Treasure Island" alone. When a thing has been done supremely well, it is foolish to attempt to do it again. It is a misfortune for Mr. Owen that there should be so much admirable material which it is too late to use, but it is a misfortune which he shares with the innumerable poets who might have been strikingly original but for the accident that Shakespeare was born first.

L'Avocat Patelin, translated by Samuel F. G. Whitaker, has lately been published by Mr. Fisher Unwin (3s. 6d. net). Of the numerous *sotties* or farces produced in Paris during the fifteenth century, "L'Avocat Patelin" remains as the type, just as *Everyman* stands in England for the type of fifteenth century "morality." It is a rude piece of humour, in which the artful trader and the wily lawyer are both outwitted by the naïve stupidity of the shepherd Agnelet; the style of pleasantry has much in common with that of the interludes of John Heywood, written about 1534. "L'Avocat" was probably written about seventy years before this date. Its clever arrangement earned it an exceptionally long life. It was paraphrased into Voltairean French by the Abbé Brueys in 1706; and Mr. Whitaker has now rendered this paraphrase into English which seems to us neither prose nor verse, ancient or modern. If a French author proposed to render Chaucer into French he would go to the original, not to one of Dryden's "translations." These are excellent in their way—but not Chaucer. A good modern version of the original "Avocat" was done for the Comedie Française in 1873 by Edouard Fournier. It was in this version that the great Got was so famous in the title-rôle. The rendering of Brueys is very inexact, and the spirit of the original is quite lost in the present version.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHEIN AND CO.

In the prologue to **A Son of Ashur** Captain Beddowes tells how in the course of his travels he came across the authentic records of the loves of King Nebuchadnezzar. No doubt the prologue is intended, in Mr. Gilbert's immortal phrase, "to give an air of verisimitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative." It is not fair to call Captain Beddowes' narrative bald, but it is certainly not convincing, and we must confess for our own part that we have no great taste for these pseudo-authentic records of antiquity. However, the story is vigorous enough; it moves briskly along, and there is no lack of incident. This may be well enough for the uncritical, but it seems a pity that Captain Beddowes should not have turned his undoubted gift for story-telling to better account. He writes with plenty of animation, and he knows how to tell a story, but next time he would be well advised to let Nebuchadnezzar rest decently in his grave.

MESSRS. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS.

In the matter of the problem of the Maori race and its future, Mrs. H. O. Forbes's knowledge and convictions are as yet somewhat beyond her power of expression. In **Helena** (6s.) she has attempted to tell in the guise of fiction something of the needs of the dark people and their worth. Helena, the heroine of the book, having become suddenly convinced that she herself is of dark-blooded parentage, determines to go to her people, live among them, and do material good for them. The impulse was better than the result. That there was need for interest in the Maoris is shown, but Helena did not go to work in quite the right way. As a story we find no fault with this failure; but as fiction readers we lament more that Helena was a failure as a character in the book. Mrs. Forbes will do better, we think, by discarding fiction and telling her opinions in straight-ahead statement.

MR. ALSTON RIVERS.

Mr. Arnold Bennett has a distinct gift for extravaganza. He has grasped the essential fact that extravaganza to be successful must be consistently extravagant. It is no use being spasmodically absurd and lapsing into sanity in the intervals. The really amusing lunatic should have no lucid intervals; they are only unsettling, and we are apt to suggest the horrid idea that the writer is really trying to be serious. **The Loot of Cities** (1s. 6d. net), which Mr. Bennett describes as "the adventures of a millionaire in search of joy," is a delightful fantasia. It is charmingly idiotic from end to end. The millionaire has the audacious idea of amusing himself by blackmailing burglars. This splendidly absurd notion is developed with appropriate solemnity in a series of diverting episodes, until by way of winding up with a crowning insanity the millionaire marries a lady journalist!

H. GREVEL AND COMPANY.

Most excellent both as guides and histories are the limp-covered volumes in the "Famous Art Cities" series which Messrs. H. Grevel and Company publish. The last which has reached us is **Florence**, by Adolf Philippi, translated from the German by P. G. Konody; and the growth of this city's culture and the spread of its art is presented in admirable fashion by word and illustration. There are indeed a hundred and seventy reproductions of Florence's art-treasures of sculpture, painting, and architecture within these pages, and a sympathetic and embracing account of Florence from her beginnings and through her famous vicissitudes and achievements.

MESSRS. HODDER AND STOUGHTON.

In the Open Country is the title of an attractive work just published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton (6s. net to 21s. net). It consists of twenty-one reproductions in colour of the varied and vigorous animal work of Miss Lucy Kemp Welch. Professor Herkomer, in a graceful Preface, pays generous tribute to his quondam pupil, whose career has been a steady progress; while Edward F. Strange supplies a discriminating and sympathetic appreciation. Miss Kemp Welch's treatment of animals is as vigorous as it is faithful, and yet beneath it all there is a subtle, poetic vein which seems to put the subject of animal painting in a new light. This book may be cordially commended to the notice of, among others, photographers who are interested in landscape and animal studies. The volume is of special folio size, and admirably printed.

MESSRS. CHATTO AND WINDUS.

Mr. G. Manville Fenn is full of sympathy for suffering humanity, and he sees an exciting story clearly with the eye of his imagination, but seemingly he is a little too hurried in getting it set down on paper. He means well, but lacks the lucidity particularly necessary for this kind of story—the murder and false-accusation story. Take one of the early paragraphs, for instance, in his new book, **So Like a Woman** (6s.):—"One was a grey-haired, military-looking man, who had always occupied the same place from the beginning of the trial, and had it not been whispered, the action of the prisoner and the change of countenance with which from time to time he had seemed to forget that they were not alone, while ever and again he darted a quick, eager, encouraging look at the closely-veiled figure seated beside her grey-haired companion, would have led the watchers to guess that the slight, girlish figure was his daughter, and the prisoner's betrothed, while there were many of the interested who in the painful tension of the trial waited for the moment when the brave girl would give way in turn and be carried out. But it was not yet." The novel is of the popular, sensational kind, but with this kind of writing occurring too often. Mr. Fenn owes it to himself and us that the tangles should be straightened a little before they go from his hands.

MR. DAVID NUTT.

The Three-Cornered Hat (2s. 6d.), by Don Pedro de Alarcon, is a delightful specimen of rustic comedy. Admirably translated by Lady Goodenough, it preserves in its English dress much of the sprightly gaiety and sunny freedom of the original Spanish. The story, which is slight enough in itself, turns mainly upon the accidental resemblance of the miller and the village magistrate, but the lightness of touch and the grace of style with which Don Pedro de Alarcon has treated this well-worn theme give it a quite exceptional animation. It is at once charming light comedy and a most delicate and finished picture of Spanish village life in the early nineteenth century.

WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

A book of particular interest even in the popular "Music Story Series" is Mr. W. H. Grattan Flood's **Story of the Harp** (3s. 6d. net). Musicians and Celts alike will follow with keen pleasure the author's tracking of the harp through the days of antiquity onward and down through these later centuries. Harps of all countries, from Egypt to Italy, from Normandy to Ireland, are dilated upon and described, and not only this, but gossiped about also with the pleasant discursiveness which makes such a work a history instead of a tract. Irish harps and harpers have received most attention, naturally, in these pages; but harps and harp music of many countries find a place here, and a valuable bibliography is given as an appendix.

Reprints and New Editions.

A complete collection of the **Poems** of Adelaide Anne Procter is an interesting publication. Messrs. George Bell and Sons have just issued the first inclusive edition (5s. net), in which to the well-known and popular "Legends and Lyrics" have been added the whole of the later and less-known "Chaplet of Verses," together with one poem first printed in 1899, long after the author's death. To many who know well the beautifully-set songs, "Hush," "The Message," "Miserere Domini," and even "The Lost Chord," it will come as a surprise to learn that they are the work of this brave, unassuming poetess. Her poems are instinct with intense feeling, sympathy, and simplicity; and if a great number of them are pitched in a minor key, there are others which prove that Dickens was correct in the judgment which he formed of her and gave to the world in his charming reminiscent Introduction.

Among all the masterpieces of literature which have in these later years been published in cheap form, the works of Matthew Arnold have not found frequent place. Mr. William Heinemann, therefore, is to be thanked and congratulated for his inclusion of a great number of Matthew Arnold's **Poems** in the two latest volumes of his "Favourite Classics" Series which have reached us (6d. net each). By this inclusion, anyone possessing the nimble sixpence may own and know by heart the fascinating "Scholar Gipsy" and "Tristram and Iseult," "Empedocles on Etna," and many another fine poem, long and short. Perhaps in these slim green volumes we are finding the earliest sign that Matthew Arnold is coming into the sunshine of that wider appreciation which has been so unaccountably delayed but so well deserved.

An admirable little volume of **Tennyson's Poems** is sent by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode. It is about two to three inches in size, and contains an attractive selection of Early Poems, English Idylls, Idylls of the King, etc. Such an edition as this has many advantages for the busy reader, for it is not merely a pretty toy. The type is clear, its weight a mere nothing, and it can be carried in the palm of the hand. For the persistent reader in trains such a volume has many merits above the daily newspaper.

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AVELING, REV. FRANCIS.—The Immortality of the Soul. Westminster Lectures. 6d. net ..... (Sands and Co.)

DRIVER, S. R., D.D., and A. F. KIRKPATRICK, D.D.—The Higher Criticism. Three Papers. 1s. net (Hodder and Stoughton)

LAVERACK, F. J.—These Sayings of Mine (A. Brown and Sons)
A vivid and stimulating volume on the "Sermon on the Mount." The style is unpretentious and at the same time attractive. It brings home the force and depth of meaning of the beatitudes to busy men and women of all classes. Mr. Laverack has attributed to Tennyson a quatrain which should rightfully be put to the credit of "Omar," but this is not a point which affects the influence of his book.

LEVY-BRUHL, L.—Ethics and Moral Science. Translated by Elizabeth Lee. 6s. net ..... (Constable)

MATHESON, GEORGE, D.D., LL.D., etc.—The Representative Men of the New Testament, 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton)

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Seed Corn for the World. Illustrated Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society, 1904-5. (Bible House, 146, Queen Victoria Street)

SMITH, DAVID, M.A.—The Days of His Flesh, 10s. 6d. net (Hodder and Stoughton)

Talmud, Gleanings from the. Selected and Newly Translated by Rev. William Macintosh, M.A., Ph.D. 2s. net (Sonnenschein)

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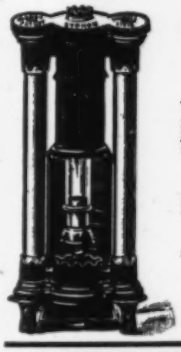

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